At Wellesley

'96

LIBRARY OF
WELLESLEY COLLEGE

PRESENTED BY

THE ALUMNAE OFFICE

AT WELLESLEY

LEGENDA FOR 1896

PUBLISHED FOR THE SENIOR CLASS
OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
27 West Twenty-third Street

LONDON
24 Bedford Street, Strand

The Knickerbocker Press

1896

Copyright, 1896
by
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

q LD
7218
L4
1896

The Knickerbocker Press, New Rochelle, N. Y.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

I.—A Question of Science 1
S. V. Sherwood

II.—Lake Waban 24
S. V. Sherwood

III.—Mental Telegraphy 25
J. H. Batchelder

IV.—The Rime of the Sophomore . . . 43
I. H. Fiske

V.—Reciprocal 48
J. S. Parker

VI.—A Smile of Fortune 75
S. V. Sherwood

VII.—At the First Floor Centre . . . 89
J. S. Parker

VIII.—A Committee of Entertainment . . 91
C. Park

IX.—A College Adhesion 126
E. H. Young

X.—Retribution 139
I. H. Fiske

XI.—The Claim of the Heathen . . . 141
S. V. Sherwood

XII.—A Senior Schedule 175
M. H. McLean

XIII.—An Experiment 177
J. S. Parker and I. H. Fiske

XIV.—Formerly of '96 215
J. S. Parker

XV.—Sunset 227
M. H. McLean

AT WELLESLEY.

A QUESTION OF SCIENCE.

NELL BLAKEY had devoted her college life to the study of science. Literature, she said, was a fad. Girls took to it because it sounded well, but for her part, she had never found that there was much satisfaction in it. She preferred to glean a little solid information about the things that are, rather than live in an atmosphere of fairy-tales and inane theories of life. She wanted to work upon a good solid foundation, and she thought the universe would do.

Nell was slightly difficult, considered in the light of a room-mate, for the sunniest corners were devoted to the cultivation of small, ill-looking specimens of vegetation ;

the place of honor on the top of the book-case held a roughly mounted cat-skeleton; and the desk and table were strewn with small, half-dissected limbs in all stages of decomposition. The slightest movement of these treasures meant annihilation to the unprivileged; so the dust gathered upon them, and, during two years of the inconvenient but inevitable, the partner of Nell's joys and woes was reduced to a silent negation.

Ruth had protested vigorously when her little marble Ariadne was used as a prop for drying frogs. She had objected feebly to the use of a newly-cut *Browning* for pressing "weeds." But this was before she had been tempted into a course in zoology. After that she became long-suffering. She had not lost her head but she understood how easy a matter that would be unless one were well-fortified.

At the present stage of her college career Nell was studying comparative anatomy. She was absorbed in the development of the species.

"How can you spend so much time over those?" she asked one day, as a friend boxed a new butterfly and swung her net over her shoulder. "They are interesting, I suppose, but they are so small. Now I like the higher animals; they are nearer to Man. Oh, I *love* Man!"

Four merry laughs broke the June stillness and Nell looked from one of her friends to another, making a vain effort to understand.

"Pity they are so few here," sighed a coquettish maiden; and Nell understood.

"Bah!" she said with scorn, "I mean *Man*, embracing Woman, of course!"

The silence rang again, and a crew of ram-rod maidens on the lake nearly dislocated their eyes in the vain endeavor to gain a clew to so huge a joke.

That same evening Ruth lay in the stern of a cedar boat and a girl with sentimental eyes occupied the bow. Nell rested her oars and mentally considered the temperature of the incubator in the Zoology Office. She had forgotten to read the

thermometer after dinner and her conscience was tender even in the matter of "domestic work." There was a great yellow moon in the sky; trees hung upside-down about the edges of the lake; and lights were projected like long red rockets into the deeps below. The dark indefiniteness of trees and hills shut out the world beyond. Now and then the ghost of a boating-song came to them across the silence, or laughter that might have been Puck's own.

The girls had been discussing a story in the *Magazine*. They were silent now. Nell's thoughts were with the tentative chicks in the incubator. Ruth was drinking in the night with eyes and ears and heart. But the girl in the bow was less fickle.

"Do you really mean that you would not have married him?" she persisted, referring to their recent conversation.

Nell awoke from her troubled thoughts and replied with energy.

"My dear, I mean to say that I don't

care for the modern story. The girl always gets herself married unless her lover dies and no one is left to console her. Then they call it a tragedy. If the girl has a profession of her own it is the same. It does n't seem to count that she has taken up a work in the world and has spent years in learning the best ways to accomplish it. All that goes for nothing, and it is a matter of course that she will marry the first man who falls in love with her and whom she finds passably agreeable. And yet there are more than enough women without professions to marry all the men in the world. This particular girl had no time to marry. More people needed her than just that man, but of course she sacrified them all."

"I suppose you will never marry," pursued the other. "Have you a grudge against men in general?"

"Oh, no," said Nell, in a lighter tone. "They are agreeable enough, I dare say. Still, I think I can make shift to do without them."

"Be careful, Lady Disdain," laughed Ruth. "Even Beatrice became Mrs. Benedick."

Nell had an impatient way of throwing back her head when other gestures were insufficient to express her emotion. She did so now, and her cap sailed breezily away upon the water. Silently she turned the boat and drew near to the floating ribbons, but an unlucky movement of her oar swept the cap farther away. At that moment a canoe cut lightly out from a shadow and came easily alongside. A red-jerseyed youth was holding out the dripping little crew-cap with grave courtesy. Nell thanked him shortly, and the canoe was gone.

"And you think you can make shift to do without them," murmured Ruth wickedly.

Nell pulled jerkily at the oars, and the girl with the eyes hastened to remark:

"You would n't think that that canoe was making for shore. It 's pointed directly toward the white cloud over there."

They followed the moonlight path in silence for several minutes.

Then they went in.

In spite of disadvantages, Nell had her fascinations. No one could explain them to anyone's satisfaction, but the fact of them was universally acknowledged. Any one upon whom she smiled became her devoted slave, from the tall, cold girl with colorless hands to the bright, curly coquette with her warm, silly heart. Ruth loved her and knew that she was worth a world of devotion.

One day Ruth stopped at Edna Davis's and found her cousin Fan Reed there, taking tea. Edna poured another cup, and explained that they were discussing Nell.

"Waste of time," said Ruth. "You will never conclude."

"We had come to that conclusion, at least," said Fan.

"She *is* odd," pursued Ruth. "But I don't know what I shall do without her.

I would rather live with Nell than with any girl I know;—begging your pardon."

"In spite of the specimens?"

Ruth laughed.

"Yes," she said. "I 'd take her, specimens and all."

"Why not marry her to Ellis and keep her in the family?" asked Fan, musingly. "Then I should come in for a share of her."

"I wish I could."

Edna laughed.

"Think of it," she said. "Nell Blakey in love!"

"Oh, it is n't that. She 'd like Ellis quickly enough! Girls always do. But there 's Ellis himself. He never, by any chance, liked a girl who was not decidedly pretty. It 's a mercy Kate and I are good to look at. Now, according to masculine standards, is Nell pretty? What *are* you laughing at?"

"Your modesty, dear. No, Nell is n't pretty, but she 's better than that. And her eyes are most remarkable. Is n't it her eyes?"

"Have another cup?" put in Edna.

"Yes," said Ruth, after a pause, "to steady my nerves. I have decided."

What Ruth had decided was to assume the function and responsibility of Providence, and ask Nell to visit her at the shore in August.

"Nell," she said appealingly that evening, as they left the village behind them, and with many odd-shaped packages, toiled toward the East Lodge. "I shall miss you wofully this summer."

"Yes," assented Nell impartially, "I suspect you will."

"You might have compassion on me and come to me for the month of August. It is n't very exciting, but I want you to meet mother—and Ellis. Don't accept too rashly. Eat a chocolate. We are far enough from the village and civilization. I really want you to come very much."

Nell took time and the chocolate. There was a short discussion; then she said:

"Very well. I will come if I can. You

will let me get specimens, and not expect too much from my limited powers of conversation."

This was the beginning of Ruth's romance. August came and went, and in September the girls returned to college together. Ruth took charge of the unpacking, while Nell rummaged the village shops for chocolate and condensed milk, got the curtain-rods recut to fit the windows of their new abode, and did other small errands.

Ruth hung up the gowns and put away the linen, unpacked tea-cups and filled her shelves with books, talking all the time as fast as circumstances allowed. Fan Reed had called to help or hinder and ask questions.

"Good time! Well, I should think so. Nell was enchanting. Every member of my respected family is in love with her. Kate's baby cried dismally when we left, and the others forebore to scold her out of pure sympathy. I can see them

now;—Mother and Kate in the doorway, Ellis holding the sobbing baby in his arms with an expression that said, "Go it, Marjory. I 'm with you!"

She paused for breath and threw two sheets and a pillow-case to Fan.

"Make up my bed, Fan. There 's a dear! You may make Nell's, too, when I come to her sheets."

"What does Nell think of Ellis? This pillow-case is torn, my dear."

"Wait a minute. There are more. Of course she liked him, but—would you believe it?—she thinks a sight more of Marjory. She had some distractingly pretty gowns—Nell, I mean,—but I had a tug to make her wear them. It did n't matter, though. I believe Ellis never knew once what she wore. He collected specimens; he explained things; he taught her to develop photographs; he read scientific French with her;—he was perfect! She liked it all, of course, but she did n't nearly appreciate the situation. Fan Reed, Ellis gave up a yachting trip with

the Nortons for the sake of those two last weeks with us. He invited the Ely boys, and I asked a couple of friends. Sorry you could n't come."

"But did n't Ellis make any further impression upon her? Is it quite hopeless?"

"Oh, no! I heard her promise to write this fall. I don't despair, Fan. There is a whole year ahead and Ellis will make the most of it. Sh-sh-sh! Here comes Nell, herself."

There was an odd step in the corridor and then Nell entered, bringing a dozen bundles and an unmistakable odor of violets.

She tossed the flowers to Ruth.

"Flower-man, First Floor Centre," she explained. "Ah, Fan, glad to see you. When did you come?"

She dropped her bundles in a heap in order to wring Fan's hands. The latter studied her a minute as she moved about. She thought she could detect a slight change in this odd friend of hers. Nell had lost her habitual scowl; she was

scrupulously neat; and she had time to think of violets.

It was several weeks later. The campus was still bright with sunshine, but the leaves were turning rapidly. Fan came up from the playstead where she had been indulging in the joys of basket-ball. She stopped at the post-office on her way to her room; for she expected a note from Nell Blakey concerning an engagement that they had to do some dissecting together. Five minutes later she burst in upon Ruth, whose forehead was wrinkled with the effort to evolve a comparison of the drama of the sixteenth century with that of the nineteenth.

"Ruth Bachelder, listen to this:

"'My Dear Ellis:—

"'You asked me to write about the things that interest me. The course in geology disappoints me. I 'm afraid I don't share your enthusiasm. Miss Thurston has charge of the class and so much is fortunate. Otherwise I should hate it

utterly. However, I am determined to know as much as I can about geology, so that our next argument shall be more intelligent on my part. Chemistry this year is no snap. Professor Marlowe is anxious to introduce a course of lectures by some non-resident, on biological subjects. We shall probably not have such a course this year. I was wrong about the ichthyopterygium, but you were also wrong. I inclose a drawing of it,—also the cheiropterygium.

"'Thank you for the flowers. It was very thoughtful of you. My birthday was particularly pleasant, for the girls came over at Ruth's invitation to 'celebrate.' They had my cat-skeleton beautifully articulated.

"'I 'm reading poetry and the other things you suggested for ballast. I was struck with what you said about one-sidedness.

"'You must be enjoying these visits with your friends. I should think you would like spending the winter in Boston.

Of course I shall like to have you call, and Ruth wants you to come as early as possible. She seems very fond of you.

"'Yours sincerely,

"'ELEANOR BLAKEY.

"'WELLESLEY, November fourth, '95.'"

"Where on earth did it come from?" gasped Ruth.

"Post-office; addressed to Miss Frances E. Reed. Ellis probably received one something like this:

"'DEAR FAN:—

"'That bunny will be ready at two. Meet you in the laboratory. Bring your tools.

"'Yours, Nell.'

"But this other one. Is n't it sentimental and full of indications of a budding affection?"

"I can't say that it is, Fan. But every other sign is hopeful. Nell reads *Shelley* and *Wordsworth*, and the other day, when she went to Boston, she brought home a volume of *Rossetti*. She dresses with the

utmost care and looks very attractive. By the way, Ellis sent us his masterpiece of photography the other day. It is a new process and has taken some time and thought. The picture must have been done in the summer."

It was a photograph of Nell with the round-faced, crowing Marjory in her arms. The picture was exceedingly attractive. Fan thought she had never seen anything prettier.

"When does Ellis reach Boston?"

"Friday; and he has arranged to spend Sunday and Monday in Wellesley."

"What 's your paper?"

"Society. Meeting for Saturday night. When do you initiate?"

"Next week. Good-bye. Tell Nell to be careful about mixing her correspondence."

The year passed smoothly and pleasantly. Nell behaved well. She grew quite tractable in the matter of dress, wore her yellow silk or organdie to concerts, and even consented to carry a fan.

She became an ornament to the famous society, *X. Γ.*, went to the social meetings, and knew the names of desirable Freshmen. This was not the gentle abstraction which usually indicates a love affair, but people who are naturally abstracted take to a different mode of expression under such circumstances. So thought Ruth at all events.

Ellis was out for the Glee Club and Nell was very pleased and gracious. Ruth asked him for *Twelfth Night* and, since she was in the cast, Nell kindly acted as hostess.

At last it was "Float" night. Ruth regretted the fact that Nell rowed but it couldn't be helped. She and Fan with several of the Juniors sat together on the hill-side entertaining Ellis, his chum, and a couple of Seniors from Harvard.

Ellis kept his eye on the red and white ribbons that floated from the senior boat. When it passed he watched the swaying figure of Number Three and lifted up his voice with those who yelled,

Loch! Loch! Loch Learoch!
'96! '96! Loch Learoch!

The Float was successful from all points of view. There were thousands of guests;—a detail which means pleasure for the girls and their friends and money in the pockets of the Athletic Association. In an æsthetic sense also it was good. The summer night was full of a witchery that is Wellesley's own. The fireworks, the penants, the lights on the water, the very gowns of the multitude made a vivid color effect. The little boats moored to the shore were all ablossom with colored lanterns; and the great, sombre-looking gondola bore one rare and gorgeous flower, —a gondolier in holiday dress. There was a great deal of sound; the buzzing of numberless voices, class cheers, clear enough at first but growing more and more hoarse as time wore on, now and then a word in decisive tone from one of the coxswains.

At last, the crew-boats made a new

move. Coming from all directions they met at a point several yards from the shore, forming a large gay star. There was a standing figure in the centre and the senior colors waved from a bright baton. Singing is peculiarly sweet and evanescent on the water, and on this occasion the Wellesley songs met with appreciation.

"What 's the matter, Sis?" asked Ellis Bachelder suddenly. The crews were singing "Where, oh where are the verdant Freshmen?" and Ruth's expression was a little more serious than the subject demanded.

"I 've heard it four Float nights and this is the last. It 's a little hard to give it all up," said Ruth. "I wonder whether Nell is thinking of our three years of conjugal felicity and the approaching end."

In a moment Ellis understood, for the last verse came regretfully over the water,

"Where, oh where are the grand old Seniors?"

With the refrain,

> "They 've gone out from their Alma Mater;
> Safe now in the wide, wide world."

Everything has an end, even Float. The final cheer rang out and the guests began to move about in shadowy groups. The boats came in one after another and were met by hosts of enthusiastic admirers. Ellis was missing from Ruth's party in a short time, and the senior crew, as it turned to greet its friends, were only seven besides the coxswain. Ruth easily slipped away and went to finish a paper which was due next morning. She felt a little blue—Seniors do at the very last—and she was anxious on Ellis's account. In half an hour Fan interrupted her.

"Ruth," she said, "I saw Nell and Ellis on the way to Tupelo Point. The path is deserted. The last bell rings in ten minutes and I 'm horribly afraid she 'll be late."

"Well," said Ruth, "I don't care so long as she's good to Ellis."

"Have you any doubt on that score?" asked Fan anxiously. "They are such good friends."

"That 's the trouble," snapped Ruth.

"You are the most unreasonable creature, Ruth. You were always so confident before."

"Fan Reed, unless you get out, I shall do something rash. No, stay," she added after a moment. "I was rude and I 'm sorry. This night has been too much for me and I 'm tired, I think."

"You are," agreed Fan. "Never mind, Coz. I 'll look in in the morning. Better leave the paper until to-morrow."

Fan opened the door and was about to retreat when Nell stood before her. She nodded to Fan and gave an odd little smile to Ruth who looked up as she entered. Then she went into the bedroom and closed the door. Fan looked about vaguely and, as there seemed nothing to do or say, she withdrew.

The room was silent for half an hour except for the movement of a pen across

rough paper. Then Nell returned. She had not been idle. Ruth noticed that she wore a blue wrapper. She came behind her room-mate, and with her hand upon Ruth's shoulder said in a strange voice:

"Do you know how wretched I am, Ruth, because the end is so near? We have been together for three years, and next year the ocean will be between us. I am still determined to study medicine and I suppose you will do receptions and teas and other things. It will be lonely for me over there and, Ruth, I shall miss you more than anyone else in the world."

Ruth swallowed the soreness in her throat and listened without moving to the creaking of the springs as Nell got into bed.

The next day brought a letter from Ellis to his sister.

"DEAR SIS," it ran.

"It was all a mistake, or at least a little premature. Don't blame her. She did n't understand. I think she likes me and

perhaps some day I shall try again. I have decided for the Harvard Medical next year; so I shall have to dig this summer. Shall not see you until after Commencement.

"Aff. your brother,

"ELLIS W. B."

LAKE WABAN.

THE hour is slow and still; and day and night
Linger awhile together. How the glow
Fades in the west! How all the royal show
Shades to a dimmer glory, like the light
Of the flushed morn but still subdued, less bright;
And clear against the rose, the moon's thin bow
Is set. A shadow creeps the earth below,
Tentative, following the feet of night.
Ah, how the world is fair! Tired heart of mine,
The little lake among the shadows there
Is the true poet;—lifts her face, ashine
With rose and the moon's silverness, more fair
Than evening's self. Hers is the heart divine,
Unspoiled by the dull weight of self-sought care.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

"DID you read that article of Mark Twain's about mental telegraphy that came out in one of the magazines some time ago?"

The girl who spoke looked remarkably well, as she leaned back in the cushioned steamer-chair. She wore a light evening gown, and had just come in from a concert in the chapel. Her room-mate looked up absently from the fourteen-page home letter she was writing.

"No, what was it, Ruth?" she said.

"Why it was something like this. It seems Mark Twain had thought of an interesting plot for a story, but it needed a strong setting. So he wrote to a western friend, and told him that if he would send him some local coloring, he,—Mark Twain,—would furnish a

plot, and the story would be a sort of coöperative affair. He addressed the envelope, sealed it, stamped it, threw it on his desk, was suddenly called away, and forgot all about it. It was never mailed."

"Well, what of it?" The girl at the table looked a little impatient, as she had suspended her pen to listen in the midst of a vivid discription of the last junior tea.

"Just this. About two weeks later, when there had been time enough for an answer, a letter came from the western friend, telling Mark Twain that if he would furnish a plot, he—the friend—would send him a bit of local coloring, which he thought would make a good setting for a story. Don't you think that was queer?"

"Very. Do you believe it?"

Ruth Henry raised herself on one elbow, and spoke impressively. "I believe there is a great deal more in it than we think. I 'll tell you something else. A friend of mine told me this last summer. There was a man he knew—a Southerner, I

believe,—who read this article of Mark Twain's, and thought he would try it. So he wrote to a girl from whom he had n't heard for a long time, addressed the letter, sealed it, stamped it, threw it on his desk, and left it. Then he waited and waited,—"

"And never heard anything from it," laughed her room-mate.

"Listen. He did n't expect to; but one morning about three months later, a foreign letter came to him, travel-stained and worn, with an official notice on the back to the effect that the boat on which it had come across had met with an accident, and that all the mail had been delayed. When he opened it he found it was from this girl, and that it had been written just two weeks later than his own. In it she said that she had been thinking a good deal about him lately, and that she had decided to write to him for old friendship's sake; although she was still unable to understand something which had happened the year before. Now, that 's true,

to my positive knowledge. What makes you look so funny, Nan?"

The home letter and the Junior tea were apparently forgotten. The girl's black eyes sparkled mischievously, as if a sudden thought had struck her.

"Let 's do it, Ruth," she said.

"I had thought of that myself. Of course I don't believe that a copy of what I said would suddenly come into the mind of the person to whom I wrote. It is n't that at all. But you know you can often make people look at you by looking at them, and I don't see why you can't make people think of you by thinking of them, do you?"

"I 'm not so sure about it; but it can't do any harm to write the letters. It will sort of brighten up the 'Mid-Years,' help to take our minds off, you know, lessen the strain, etc. What do you say? Shall we do it?"

Ruth studied the ceiling meditatively. "I have n't quite decided whether I want to or not. It would be fun, but there is

something rather serious about it, too, to me. You go on with your letter, now. I want to think what I would say, supposing I wrote to some one."

"It must be some one from whom you have n't heard for a long time, must n't it, Ruth?"

"Yes, that would make it much more pointed."

"And, Ruth, it must be a letter that you would really send, must n't it, with everything quite straight about it?"

"Ye-es, yes, of course; it must be quite straight, Nan."

Those were checkered days that followed the above conversation. It was the time of Mid-Year examinations, but there were intervals of unalloyed fun. The ice on the lake was smooth and hard, and during the last hours of the morning and afternoon, the keen click of skates and ringing voices of the skaters made a cheerful sound. Even in the evenings the ice was not deserted; for everyone knows the efficacy of an hour's spin in the moonlight

as a preparation for a "systematic review." For the lucky girls with but few examinations to take, theatres and concerts furnished further amusement. Meantime the "grinds" ground unceasingly and made the exasperating remark after every examination, "Easy, was n't it?" Others worked at a moderate, unfeverish rate and, if they were unfortunate, took the result philosophically and tried again. Of course there were unphilosophical hearts that ached, and these were by no means exclusively freshman hearts.

The inmates of No. 61 were not grinds. Neither did they shirk. They did good honest work, had each passed off a sophomore condition, enjoyed the skating, and were very glad to be alive. Nan Evans was popular among the girls she knew well. She had a bright, happy way about her, and never forgot to smile at people when she met them in the corridor. One of her friends who took the Spenser course that year, told her that she made "a sunshine in a shadie place"; and this

afterwards appeared as a Legenda joke, because, at the time the remark was made, she happened to be in one of the Stone Hall corridors. Ruth was by nature as unconsciously happy as her friend. Of late, however, she had fallen into a habit of analyzing people and things. Sometimes this tendency produced a fit of abstraction, during which she was quite unconscious of her surroundings. At other times, it inspired an eager discussion. She liked to talk about the current topics of the day, and, above all, she liked to argue. She took Philosophy IX.

It was Saturday night of the first week. Both girls were tired, but it was the end for them, and they were radiantly happy.

"I wish something would happen," said Ruth Henry, for at least the fourteenth time, as her room-mate came in after dinner.

"Something has happened," said Nan, solemnly. "You have a man down in the reception room to see you," and she handed Ruth the card she had brought up.

Ruth looked at it, and changed color quickly.

"Don't you like him?" Nan watched her room-mate's face narrowly as she spoke.

"Like him, yes; but it 's the one—the mental telegraphy one. I mean the one to whom I wrote the letter the other night—and did n't send. You don't suppose——"

"Why, of course I do; he has come to answer it in person! You know, Ruth," she added, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "'there is a great deal more in it than we suppose.'"

"Nan, I can't go down. I know it 's foolish, and of course his coming is nothing but a coincidence, but my heart beats so hard it makes me bump against the back of the chair."

"Listen, Ruth. You go on fixing your hair, and tell me what you said in the letter. It will make you calmer to talk. How did you begin?"

Ruth obeyed meekly. "Why I began

something like the letter I told you about. I said that it was a long time since I had heard from him, and just for old friendship's sake, I thought I would write."

"Good, so far. Go on."

"And then I talked about lots of things,—the Harvard-Yale debate, and Irving and Terry, and what I was studying this year, and how the Mandolin Club was getting on, and Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's visit to the College—and I don't remember what else."

"Can't you remember any more? How did you end?"

"'Yours sincerely.' Oh, and just before that I said something about——"

"Well, about what?"

"Why, I suppose if I had really been going to send the letter, I would n't have said exactly that, but I wanted to see,—I just wanted to see how it would look!"

"Oh!" Nan's face fell perceptibly. "I suppose you would rather not say what it was."

"I don't know that I mind." Ruth put

in a last pin as she spoke. "It was simply to the effect that I liked to think about the old High School days—we went to school together, you know,—and that the old friendship was among the happiest of my memories. That 's what it amounted to."

"Well, there 's nothing in that to mind, is there?"

"No, of course there is nothing to mind. He can't know what was in the letter, and yet it is so strange that he happened to come just at this time. But I feel better about it. I 'm going down now."

"All right. You see if he does n't say something about the Harvard-Yale debate, and the Current Topic course!"

After the door had closed upon this parting shot, Nan Evans sat for a full moment in silence. Then she leaned back on the steamer-chair and laughed so heartily that someone going down the corridor joined in out of pure sympathy. It was a habit of hers to laugh when no one else saw any joke.

It was a very dignified young woman who walked into the reception room a moment later, and cordially met her guest.

"I 'm so glad to see you," she said. "I did n't know you were near Boston now."

There was a look of very genuine pleasure on Mr. Paul Wendall's face as he greeted her. "It 's only for a day or two. I go on to New York to-morrow, but I did n't want to go back without seeing you."

"It was good of you to come. I'm glad it 's to-night, too. We are just through examinations, my room-mate and I."

There was something very attractive about Paul Wendall. He had the thoughtful face of a student, and seemed older than he really was; but when he spoke there was a boyish eagerness in his voice. Perhaps it was the natural result of work, which had left him little time for other things, that there should be a peculiar directness and simplicity about him. He and Ruth Henry had been good

friends since the days of the Winthrop High School Debating Club, where they had argued the advisability of the annexation of Canada to the United States, and had decided that the system of written examinations in the public schools was desirable.

They talked of those days and laughed a good deal about them. They seemed to have lived long since then, and to have gained much experience. During the last few years they had seen little of each other, and there were many things to say. They talked of people, of books, and of what they were doing. Ruth was speaking of her work in psychology.

"You know at first I had no idea that I should care for it. I thought it would be so unpractical and intangible; and though I don't mean to say now that it makes things much clearer, yet it helps in unexpected little ways."

"For instance."

"Well, for instance, it makes people exceedingly interesting. I like to watch

them, and see what they will do. There are three just now that I am particularly interested in. I have them all at a certain point."

"I should think it would be hard to keep each specimen straight. Don't you forget which is which?"

"Oh, no. They do quite distinctive things under what are apparently much the same circumstances. But the point is, that if I had n't studied psychology I would never have thought of it."

"I see. It is a sort of course in mind-reading."

Ruth started. She had quite forgotten.

"Oh, no; not exactly that. I mean,—of course, I don't know what is in their minds,—I 'm sure I don't want to know that—but——"

Her guest wondered a little at her confusion, but he tried to help her out.

"Do you find Kant pretty hard reading?"

Two lines of her mental telegraphy letter danced vividly before her eyes.

"We have just begun Kant, and feel lost in a sea of pure perceptions." The conviction that he knew what was in the letter was the only thing clear in her mind, and she answered quite at random:

"Very much, indeed, thank you."

Her old friend was puzzled, but she had always been hard to understand. He tried again this time on a new subject.

"Does it ever strike you as suggestive," he said, "that Yale should invariably come out ahead in athletics, and Harvard in the debate?"

Ruth tried to regain her self-possession. She looked straight before her at the marble Reading Girl on the table and answered in a stern, severe tone:

"Very."

Then she waited for the next question, wondering vaguely whether it would refer to the Mandolin Club or to Irving and Terry. But it did neither.

"What is it, Ruth? What have I said? It made me feel glad to think that you still sometimes thought of the old

days,—and of me. So I came. Are you sorry?"

Ruth faced him with sudden determination. "*How* did you know?"

"Know what?"

"What you said just now."

"How could I know but from what you said yourself in your letter?"

"What letter?"

He looked at her in amazement. "Did n't I get a letter from you last week in which you said——"

But as he spoke a light flashed into her eyes, and she interrupted him with an exclamation which seemed to him more inexplicable than anything which had come before. What she said was:

"Nancy Livingstone Evans!"

Meanwhile the sole inmate of No. 61 was doing some serious thinking. Her amusement of the early part of the evening had been followed by a half-penitent mood. Her friendship for her roommate was very loyal and sincere; and the thought that she might be causing her any

real discomfort troubled her. She considered the plan of going downstairs and walking carelessly by the door, that she might possibly hear them laughing over something and so be relieved. The evening seemed unusually long, and she could not remember that the house had ever been so still on Saturday night before.

"I shall have to tell you," she said at length, and as she spoke she closed her volume of *Richard Feverel* with an emphatic little thud, and gazed meditatively at the tiny photograph of Ruth on her desk. She had formed the habit of talking aloud to the pictures on the walls when she was a small girl at home.

"But you know you said——"

At that moment the door opened, and the object of her apostrophe stood before her, unsmiling and, as it seemed to Nan, with a grieved, reproachful look in her eyes. The only course of action was very plain. Nan did not hesitate.

"Ruth, I am sorry I sent that letter. Very sorry, indeed."

Ruth did not answer, but leaned against the wall, hands behind her, with a solemn gaze into space. It was becoming uncomfortable. All sorts of unhappy results of her thoughtless little joke passed rapidly through Nan's mind, and she was filled with compunction. She had too much pride, however, to let this come at once to the surface, and her next remark was characteristic.

"I am not trying to excuse myself, Ruth,—it was a stupid thing to do anyway;—but you know I asked you when we first spoke of writing the letters, if they must not be letters which we would really send, with everything quite straight about them. Do you remember that?"

Still the silence, and the almost imperceptible twitch about the corners of Ruth's mouth seemed to her conscience-stricken friend the result of suppressed emotion.

"Is it as bad as that?" she said impetuously. "Shan't you ever believe in me again?"

The smile which Ruth had been endeav-

oring to hide flashed over her face, and her eyes were full of laughter as she answered:

"I guess you are sorry enough, Nan. It did n't make much difference. I think after all that the letter was,—well, on the whole, 'quite straight.'"

THE RIME OF THE SOPHOMORE.

IT is a pallid Sophomore,
And she stoppeth one of three;
"By thy wicked eye, O Sophomore,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The class-room door is open wide;
My special-topic 's due:
The class is there and I declare
I cannot talk with you."

She holds her by her flowing gown:
"There was a Facultee——"
"Hold off! unhand me!" 'T was in vain.
"I will be heard," quoth she.

The Senior sat upon a bench
In the South Corridor;
And thus spake on that wild-eyed one,
The pallid Sophomore.

"The days were fair and free from care
When we were Freshmen new;
My chum and I were never slow
If there were fun in view.

"But ah! one day we went astray;
Without a chaperone,
We hied us to the theatre—
Two maidens all alone.

"Our hearts were light; our eyes were bright
Until we chanced to see——"
The Senior here began to fear
For the other's sanitee.

"Behind us, while we watched the play,
Had entered—woe is me!—
In the first act, as true as fact.
A Wellesley Facultee.

"Her brow was bent; her look was stern
And awesome to behold:
And well we knew what she might do—
It made our blood run cold.

"We saw no more the merrie play;
We did a scheme pursue;
'T was desperate but so was Fate
And naught else could we do.

"There was a lady mild and sweet
And we sat side by side;
In calm despair I spoke her fair,
And did our tale confide.

"I begged her—" here the Senior groaned—
"Our pitying refuge for to be
And straightway drew, in vivid hue,
The terrors of the Facultee.

"Ah Hope! it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole;
And to that hope all praise be given
Which, when we 're in a corner driven,
Awakes within our soul.

"The lady smiled,—a kindly smile,—
And we revived straightway;
The self-same moment we could breathe,
Once more could see the play.

"Oh dream of joy! Are those, indeed,
Stone Hall's towers that I see?
And have I safe returned at last?
Is this my Welleslee?

"Alas! Next morn at chapel time
(My tale would melt a stone)
We saw, behind the reading desk,
Our pseudo-chaperone.

"We knew not what might happen then
Nor what our fate might be.
Our trusted benefactor, too,—
She was a Facultee.

"Ah, oft since then my frame is wrenched
With a woful agony;
Which forces me to tell my tale,
As now I tell it thee."

. . . . .

What loud uproar bursts from that door?
The class is coming out.
"O Senior tall, I 've told you all—
My story do not doubt."

The Sophomore whose eye is bright,
  Who tales can tell galore,
Is gone ; and now the Senior pale
  Turns to the class-room door.

She went like one that hath been "flunked"
  And is of sense forlorn ;
A sadder and a wiser maid
  She rose the morrow morn.

RECIPROCAL.

I.

HOW MIKE SAVED THE CAPTAIN.

IT was at the time when the path along the south side of College Hall was badly cut up by the ditch in which the workmen were laying pipe. It was also the time when it becomes more than usually desirable to walk up and down this path after dinner; especially if one's interest in the lake-view at sunset is combined with a less æsthetic interest in next morning's crew-practice. The Captain of the senior crew, with the girl who had rowed worst that day, came out together. They did not wish to continue their serious converse as a "side-talk with our girls," and accordingly had come out here under the familiar but unfortunate im-

pression that the South Porch is a secure retreat. At the same time there came up the path on each side of the ditch two very small boys. Their conduct was of that peculiarly self-absorbed character, which receives attention because it does not demand it. The girls paused for explanations.

The earth had been piled in two long, parallel heaps along the sides of the path, each making a miniature mountain range of most irregular and unstable description. On these marched the two small boys, with pace as unhurried and decorous as might be, carrying upright before their funny little Irish noses two short sticks.

"Play-like we had a lot of them gold things on a robe, like Father Peter," said one of these diminutive persons.

"Le's change sides whin we gits to the post. That 'll be the altar, and thin we got to go down the aisle agin," said the smaller.

But they did not go back because the senior Captain got to the "post" first and interrupted. It had not been de-

cided up to that time whether the Captain's strong point was her sense of humor or the severe gravity with which she could face situations commonly held to be humorous. Just now the former quality seemed not to be. She asked without indirectness who "Father Peter" was, and found that he "learned the boys to sing in the church over to South Natick"; also that these were two of the singers. She was told, too, that on certain occasions Father Peter could wear beautiful "red and white clothes with a gold sash over his shoulders"; that one of them could sing soprano, the other second; that it was a very hot day to carry a dinner-pail from South Natick to Wellesley just at noon; that the organ here "was n't no great shakes" because it does not have "gold" pipes. Here there was a pause in the antiphonal answers to her questions to see whether she would defend the pipes; but she only asked what they did besides sing on Sunday. The smaller boy responded briskly:

"Oh, on week-days we ketches cats fur the people up here to cut up."

The girl on the crew looked at the Captain and laughed in the pointed manner which indicates the private appreciation of a joke.

"Come, Edith, your cherubs have been plucked," she said, and turned to go in. She was waiting to explain how it had happened that circumstances were against her best work for that day. The small boys began to wonder, and to be embarrassed; and covered it all with a patent assumption of indifference not entirely peculiar to their age. The Senior, who, as the small Michael afterwards noted, had maintained an ambiguous silence, seemed in no hurry. Indeed, her unusual interest to some might have seemed pointed; but nobody there noticed it. She made arrangements to go rowing with them on Friday of the next week, and her companion came back, more bored than ever, as she was asking their names.

"Michael who?" asked the crew-girl.

"Derrick. Oh yes; and you are Johnny Grady, aren't you? I know, Edith, they were at the Charles River Mission for two Sundays before Christmas,—the scamps! —but, oddly enough, did not appear for the tree. We heard that the priest"— but Michael and Johnny, apparently thinking that penance repeated was penance vain, did not remain to hear a further recital of their deeds, but fled.

"I did not know that you went over to the Mission," said Edith.

"Oh, I used to go the first of the year," returned the other with a just perceptible uneasiness; for the coldness of the senior Captain toward amateur philanthropy was well known. "After the symphonies began and we were so late coming out from town Saturday night, I had to give it up."

It happened that about a fortnight later than this and about the same number of days before Float, the Captain was made to appreciate her position as Mistress of Ceremonies and general manager of the lake festival with considerable force.

There were the several interviews "by request" with the President, secured after long, darkly-thoughtful recitation-periods had been wasted in the ante-room. In this way was won the happy opportunity to explain to the satisfaction of "those who had seen Float rather oftener than she," her general arrangements for guarding the grounds from uninvited guests and providing places for "expected" ones. There were other privileges of the same sort. She presented the petition for later hours. She advertised the song rehearsals and conducted them, though this was partly by proxy. She cut her last written test in her finest course in order to answer in person the printer's suggestion that he should probably deliver the program into her hands on the evening of Float. Finally, the committee who were looking after the fireworks and color display came to her.

"We ought to have more money, Miss Atherton," said the chairman with the seriousness which characterizes the Welles-

ley girl when referring, even impersonally, to the tender subject of finance. "I don't see how the class last year ever did anything with the little they got from those ten-cent tickets;—unless the Committee made it up," she added with an even gloomier accent.

The Captain felt what was coming and weakly tried to gain time. "You might fire the paint-mill," she said. "It has n't been burned since last Fall. I think it should be pretty well saturated by this time."

The chairman was inexorable and the Committee supported her. "We must have a mass-meeting," they said, "and see if the girls won't vote to raise the price. Don't you think the fourth hour, Friday afternoon, is the freest time?"

Accordingly, the annual meeting of "the student-members of the College" was not omitted. On the appointed afternoon the "current of population," as it was called by one of the Freshman portion of it who intended to elect Economics, was plainly

tending toward the east end of the second floor.

"Where are you hauling me, Teddy?" said another Freshman abstractedly, trying to read the comments on her theme while yielding to the energetic pull on her right sleeve.

"To the chapel, of course. There's sure to be a scrap over Float tickets, they say."

Thus are the lower classes educated and induced to attend to affairs of the body politic.

In this case there seemed little prospect of disappointment to those who were eager for the fray. The Committee presented its request for higher prices in the would-be conciliatory tone which suggests restraint and the expectation of opposition. The opposition came and found that it was popular.

About the time the senior Captain, duly called upon to preside, had secured order after the first opposition speech, the little maid at the First Floor centre heard a shaky sound of the bell and opened one

of the big doors. Two small boys of nondescript attire stood there and the little maid put out her hand for the telegram or note. Michael, who stood nearest her, shook it heartily, though the courtesy was a pleasant surprise to him. "Mebbe there be some more like her," he said to himself, and added, "but I niver thought it." The little maid laughed, but Michael did not mind.

"We was to ast for Miss Atherton," he said smiling. "Do you know her?" It happened that the little maid did know Miss Atherton and even knew what she was doing at that moment.

"I can find her," she said, "but you tell me what you want to say to her, if you have n't got a note."

"She said we was to see her here," said Johnny decisively, as if the point had been impressed upon him, and withal a little anxiously.

"Did she say this afternoon?"

A decided affirmative from both, and Michael added, "At four."

The little maid paused and thought hard. Possibly it was a message which Miss Atherton ought to know before the meeting adjourned. She remembered one night when a class meeting had waited an hour for some message from its honorary member who was being lionized in the next town.

"Could n't you wait half an hour?" she finally asked. Mike looked at Johnny and saw his face grow long and his fingers pull at his hat rim nervously. He looked as if tears were a possibility, though as yet remote.

"We 'd have half an hour then before it was dark," he whispered.

"Got to get back—by five. Dad said so," muttered Johnny indistinctly, the possibility becoming very immediate.

Mike turned to the little maid, with much more assurance than he felt. "We can't wait," he said firmly, "she said we was to come now, anyway."

The senior Captain was making an attempt to close the discussion. There

seemed no hope that the Committee would gain their point. She had perceived the feeling of opposition from the moment she acknowledged the first speaker, but had not even now determined upon the reason for it, nor upon the particular quarter whence it came. The plea of the Committee for a better display had been markedly ignored. Their slightly disparaging remarks about Float of the year before had been answered with what seemed to the presiding officer most unnecessary zeal. The drift of opinion was so vague and unsatisfactory, that there seemed nothing to be gained by prolonging the meeting.

"Are you ready for the question?"

From the rear of the room, where the debate had been lost for the most part and the girls had been standing about the door for some time, the answering "Question, question," came back to the speaker; but nearer the platform the "Noes" dropped scatteringly and decisively about her like the first hail-stones of a shower. Before

the speaker could repeat the question some one arose about half way back on the sophomore side. The presiding officer searched desperately in the depths of her memory for the girl's name; but finding the attempt vain nodded to her, after the manner of moderators, as if she knew it perfectly. The things she could remember about her did not make a pleasant impression. There was the way she made use of the confidences of her freshman roommate, for example. But that, said the speaker to herself, is neither here nor there. The girl who had the floor was well begun and was becoming eloquent.

"Now any of us who has seen Float," she was saying, "can understand that it requires time and trouble, and I think that those who have Float in charge have felt that we were appreciative. At least, the tickets were sold, and *we* bought them." A murmur of assent greeted this incontrovertible remark, and the speaker proceeded: "Of course, we want as good a Float this year as last, and in my opin-

ion, and that of others here, we ought to have it ; and with no greater demand upon our pocket-books."

Why does n't she get to the point, thought the presiding officer, wondering, too, why the group of friends about the orator eyed the platform with frequency. " Doubtless," continued the speaker slowly, " the terms made this year for furnishing the various accessories of this celebration are the best possible, and the program faultlessly arranged. It may have been noticed, however, that the preparations were begun several weeks later than is usually considered necessary. To be sure, I don't know that this would cause them to be hurried, but it would not help them at all. And it *may* be possible to ' make other arrangements,' if the issue of this meeting demands it, though you all know that Float comes two weeks from to-morrow night, and our guests have to receive their notes some time sooner."

The girls were looking at the speaker and then at the Captain, who might be

supposed particularly to have Float in charge, and a whisper of something between dismay and displeasure began to pass around; but it died out in the groups where the suspicion of foul play had been lodged first.

"If those who have the matter in hand," proceeded the girl on the sophomore side, "knew well enough that 'a mass meeting always has to do as it 's told,' as some of us have heard remarked to-day, then, of course, there was no need of calling us here until it was decided what we should be told to do. Then, if there had been found to be any little miscalculation, for instance, the mass meeting might be told to do more." And having thrown her apple thus warily and with many preparatory gyrations, as it were, Ate sat down; and a very distinct murmur of dissatisfaction of opposite sorts prevailed. The murmur was not silenced by the gavel. It lasted only for a moment, however. As the girls turned to look at the senior Captain behind the speaker's desk, they

stopped talking and waited. One of the Committee on the display half rose to speak, but she, too, changed her mind as she saw the moderator and sat down. The senior Captain was red from her chin to the part in her hair, and her eyes were uncomfortably intense when she looked at any particular girl. She put down the gavel she had been holding and said: "I will ask Miss Morrill to take the chair." The secretary *pro tempore* stepped forward and noticed as she took the gavel that the handle was twisted loose in the mallet. "No wonder they made Edith stroke," she said to herself.

There are four steps from the chapel platform to the aisle, but it took fully half a minute for the Captain to reach the floor. One of her friends sat near the steps. "Oh, come, Edith," she said, "it 's not worth while." But the Captain faced the desk and waited for the right to the floor.

Just then there was a slight commotion by the door. The little maid entered fol-

lowed by two small boys,—and leaving Michael and Johnny to stare with round eyes at the feminine multitude, she made her way to Miss Atherton, who stood waiting for silence.

"It is immediate, you say?" asked the Captain quickly, in answer to the little maid's whisper. She glanced toward the door, but Michael and Johnny were quite hidden by the group of senior gowns in those parts, and the Captain was no wiser for their presence. She looked down and bit her lower lip for a moment; the thought of leaving the place, with "that ill-bred meddlesome stuff" unanswered in the girls' minds was intolerable. There was nothing else for it, though. She nodded to the desk and went down the aisle, and her head was as high, and her look as straight, as if she were carrying college honors.

Just before she reached the door and before any one else wanted to speak, the girls in the rear of the room heard an astonished gasp and an exclamation. Then Johnny's shrill little Irish voice called out:

"*Sure* an' it 's her. I *kin* row comin' back, Miss Atterton? Mike, he says he 's got to 'cause he 's the biggest." Upon which Edith felt so sudden a relief, and was reminded with such unexpectedness of her forgotten obligations, that the unaccountable humor in her got the upper hand of the inner turmoil, and the girls heard the most irrepressible laugh they knew ripple over the silence of the chapel.

There are times when music, or a glimpse of the sky, or the sight of a friend, is the inspiration which saves us; but for smallness of any sort, a laugh is the one invincible weapon,—like clean water against dirt.

The girls knew the senior Captain at that moment, as they had known her in all the college fun they and she had ever come out of together;—almost as her class had known her since her freshman year. Somebody got up and tried to say this after she had gone, but that made no particular difference. Only, when she came back five minutes later, they clapped

her as she took the chair; and the price of the tickets went up fifteen cents though the Captain said never a word.

II.

HOW THE CAPTAIN SAVED MICHAEL.

FLOAT promised well after that, certainly. The College sent its tickets off enthusiastically, and guests unnumbered were awaited at all possible rendezvous. The senior Captain for a very good reason had almost no guests. The few whom she knew living near the College had been asked by the other girls or had declined,—not altogether unexpectedly. There was, to be sure, one young man whom she had met at the home of her junior room-mate. He had come, in spite of no great encouragement, but he was very soon put into the care of the girl through whom they had met. There were numerous demands upon the attention of the Captain.

For instance, just after she had drawn

her crew up in line on the slope from College Hall, and had seen the youngest crew pass under their crossed oars, she was told that the workmen on the opposite side of the lake were setting up the frames for the fireworks too far from the boat-house and the proposed rendezvous of the crews for singing. She left the opening ceremonies in the hands of her lieutenant and crossed over. As she neared the shore she heard a shrill voice say:

"They 're to be down that-a-way, I tell ye. We ast Miss Atterton where we could git to see it an' she told us."

"Come, you youngsters git out o' this," reponded a slow, heavy, man's voice. "You 'll have to run back home if you don't keep out o' the way."

"Huh! I *guess* not. *We* 've got tickets," —This was Johnny unmistakably.

Edith went ashore and adjusted matters with the simplicity which belongs to authority. She turned to the youngsters who had been contemplating the readjustment with huge satisfaction.

"Are you going to stay over here all the evening?" she asked as she prepared to go back.

"It don't make no difference, do it?" asked Mike, looking with some anxiety at the boxes of Roman candles, wheels, and rockets; so Edith made no objection.

The notes of the bugle were soaring high and clear against the afterglow as she went back; and the murmur of the crowd, following the echoes, reached her more and more distinctly as she was rowed under the boat-house where the crew were waiting for her. Two minutes later they were shooting across the front of the crowd; rigid, alert, with the buzzing and cheers on one side, that uneasy little skiff with trainer and judges on the other. In front they could see the Coxswain, now and then, with her mouth a little drawn and her face slightly pale but reliable, impassive. Now they pass a group of friends who cheer for them like good ones; now they glide before a silent, critical section too friendly to the next lower class to

waste any energy on the senior crew. Then they reach the centre and hear the voice of the class president, giving the "Two—three—and—now!" and feel the answering class cheer go through them; till the pulse beats in their fingers and they bring the oars back to their chests in a way that sends the boat through the water like a frightened trout. As they speed into the shadow behind the engine-house at last, the Coxswain brings them about in a wide circle to a vantage point for viewing the other crews passing a like ordeal. Then she relaxes enough to lean forward toward the Captain, who is stroke, and say:

"That was n't altogether bad, Edith. If we don't hang that prize banner on our outer walls for another year may our noble fame—go out like that rocket," as the first one plunged gloriously into the darkening lake.

"I want to see them float the torpedoes before we go back to form the star," says the Captain, briskly interrupting. "Send us around there, Alice."

They drew near the shore where the men were at work. The sudden lights revealed the familiar coves and shallows oddly and lighted forms and faces in curious aspects. In the glow of one of the rockets a small, rather uncertain boat was launched to carry the torpedoes to the proper distances before floating and lighting them. As this craft became indistinct in the shadow Edith noticed that besides the man who rowed there was some one at the tiller; but at the same moment she saw the junior crew coming up behind them and the last boat passing away from the crowded little bay-curve. It was time that the star of boats was forming and the singers at hand. She spoke to the Coxswain:

"Get us back with as short a turn as we can do it, Alice."

"Attention!" straightway from the Coxswain, "Now—Ready, girls,—Row!" And the long clever craft slid forward with all the force they could give it. The Captain looked behind her for an instant calculating the distance. Her

attention was arrested by something she saw just beyond them, and she turned to the Coxswain for directions. The Coxswain saw nothing and Edith looked again. Then suddenly, as the Coxswain pulled the right tiller rope and the boat swerved, Edith leaned forward with an inarticulate gasping sound and jerked the left rope. The crew-boat lurched dangerously, then stopped with a jar. Something at the prow cracked, snapped ; and the white pennant fell forward on the oars. A flat, dull sound answered the blow. The girls saw the uncertain little torpedo boat shoved clean over on its side, and heard the half-frightened, half-angry oath of the man and the scared cry of a child as its contents were plunged into the lake. The girl at the prow and nearest the collision screamed. Somebody grew faint and slipped backward. The oars were tripping each other. Then through the racket and stupidity, the Captain's voice came back clearly even to the girl at the prow.

"Steady! Look out there, Seven! S-t-e-a-d-y, now row!—Carefully.—Stop rowing, port." Then after a second she added, "We 've reached them."

Edith could almost touch the man as he clambered over the bottom of the little boat; but out between the two crafts there was a quick struggling of brave little arms that made her heart stand still.

"Draw in your oars, port. Above water!" and at the same instant Edith's long white blade slid out of the oar-lock, arms-length, toward the side of the torpedo boat. The little black object floundering about there grasped it.

Five minutes later the junior crew which had passed, grown tired of waiting for the senior boat and returned, came along starboard.

"What 's the matter?" asked the junior Captain. "They 're waiting for the singing. What did you take in there?"

"Is that something for the singers that you 're carrying back?" queried the junior Coxswain. It probably would not have

improved their voices if they had, for it was a piece of small clothing, very wet indeed, which still lay on the Captain's knee. The Captain did not seem inclined to notice their question, nor anything else in fact.

The senior Coxswain spoke up suddenly. "We 're coming. You get the boats together. Leave the front space for us and room to get in from the right."

"Alice is so funny when she is managing the crew," commented the junior Coxswain to the Captain.

"What was the matter with Ethel Blake, Number Five?" asked the Captain, but they collected the boats without determining.

It was noticed unsparingly that the senior shell was late. "Always has to be some delay in these amateur things, you know." Furthermore, it was not unmarked that the senior Captain did not sing as she led the chorus. It was even said that she used the baton with a certain rigidity which suggested the pok-

ing of a coal fire. The leader of the glee club sang herself hoarse for weeks in her solitary efforts to make the girls accent properly. A few Sophomores said the fireworks were not so many nor so pretty as they were the year before; but they naturally did not reckon that some had been spoiled by the damp. There seemed a lack of force and magnetism somewhere, unexpected and inexplicable, considering the personality of the senior Captain. The guests pronounced it a good Float, finally, however, and went off as usual during the last song to waylay their carriages and try their luck at finding friends.

As the same song was finishing the senior Captain was rowed away from the star of boats and reached College Hall before the crowd. The senior crew betook themselves to the region of the college hospital and waited. After a while the college nurse came out with her arms full of linen and china, and so kept the door open for a moment. The inner doors were ajar,

and the girls heard the senior Captain and Michael finishing their conversation.

"Yes, Johnny is to be right here in the other bed to-night, and the nurse, Miss King, knows where to find me if you need me. She will call me, you know, if the Captain's little brother asks it. Good-night, Michael."

Then softly, as the door swung back, "Poor little light-bearer!" And even when he had grown well and wicked once more, Michael could be persuaded by the remembrance.

A SMILE OF FORTUNE.

ADA HELMICK was a girl to whom the accidents of life had become its rule. There were those who believed that at one time or another every bone in her body had been broken or sprained. At college she spent half the time in the hospital or making the rounds from lecture to lecture in a wheeled chair. She had a fine athletic spirit that was never downed. Recovering from a sprain, she would return to crew practice, or, if it were winter, to the joys of skating; until some unlucky chance brought her again to the care of a certain famous nurse, and to a temporary stay in the North Hospital.

Bad luck pursued her. Returning to college one fall, she found that her boxes had disappeared. Search was in vain.

For two months she lived in a bare, unornamented room and cultivated a stoical temper. She regularly forgot to register when leaving college, until her registration privileges were forfeited and she had to get permission just as any Freshman would. She lost every article dear to her heart during her life at Wellesley, broke her glasses fifteen times, and came to look upon life as a huge certainty. Whatever its general characteristics, she said it was sure to be "mighty unpleasant" in its details.

Her latest misfortune was the loss of her purse. It contained twenty dollars, and a ten-trip ticket to Boston. The end of the term was approaching; bills were coming in; her glasses were at the optician's; and she had n't a cent to her name. After a day or two of fruitless search she had written home for money. She lived at some distance from college, however, and it was more than likely that her letter would miscarry. She was prepared for such an event.

One afternoon she donned her gym. suit, and, wrapped in a mackintosh, pursued her way to the gymnasium. It was the hour when the class crew tired its muscles in a business-like way, and, in the intervals of work, lay on a huge woolly rug, engaged in conversation. On this particular day, as they lay there contemplating the rafters, they listened to the voice of the Captain, who gave each a detailed account of her recent "cuts," and threatened specific results unless they toed the mark in a more whole-hearted fashion.

Ada took advantage of a pause to yawn and resume a sitting posture.

"I 'm in trouble," she announced.

"Yes?" said the girls politely.

"Yes," said the Captain, looking grim.

"That purse has not turned up," she went on, "and I must have my glasses, to say nothing of other things. I 'm afraid I shall have to give up the long gloves for my new gown. I can't afford them now. But there are some things that I must get immediately. In short, I must go shop-

ping in Boston to-morrow, and I have n't the ghost of a quarter."

"You must borrow, then," announced Edith Marten, whose mind was nothing if not practical.

"Now I call that a brilliant suggestion," said Kate Williams, flippantly. "Like the solution of other problems, it looks very obvious when once found."

"I don't know. I rather think I could go without," said Ada with inspiration.

"Go to Boston without a ticket and shop without money!" gasped Edith. "I envy you your gentle self-confidence."

"Well, I think it 's possible."

"I 'll wager you can't."

"A real live bet! I have n't heard of one since Frank's chum visited us summer before last. What will you bet?"

"The gloves," said Edith.

"Don't, girls," said the Captain. "It 's so—so commonplace. You don't need amusement so badly as that."

"Hunt up something clever if you want a diversion," assented Kate Williams from

the rib-walls which she was climbing vigorously. "The Captain 's right. I 'll lend you a ten and—pay for your gloves if necessary," she added with less animation.

The rest-interval was over, and the girls began to throw off their jackets.

"Quit preaching," said Ada. "Unless Edith withdraws I shall stick to the wager. It *is* a diversion, and I need to win something to balance my usual ill-luck."

"Get to work," interrupted the Captain, and the conversation ended.

As they left the gymnasium half an hour later Edith said, briefly:

"You are n't to borrow a ticket nor ask any one for money. Just go to Boston, get your things, and bring them back with you."

"Exactly," said Ada. "I shall remember."

After dinner the next evening Edith Marten and several other girls sat in the parlor at Stone Hall. There was n't much possibility of guests, for it had poured

steadily since four. An animated wood-fire burned in the fireplace. Some one was trying over new songs softly on the piano.

"I saw Ada Helmick go to her room half an hour ago," said a new-comer,— "the most forlorn looking object in Wellesley. She was wet, cross, and apparently tired."

"Ah," said Edith. "She did n't enjoy her trip, then."

"At any rate she got something to eat. I saw her ten minutes ago in No. 1. Nellie, the maid, was serving her royally."

"Yes, I fared rather well, thank you," said a voice from the door. "I have quite recovered since dinner, and if you don't mind I will constitute the lot of you my confessor immediately."

"Come on," said Edith. "I yearn to know who owns those gloves."

"I will begin at the beginning. It was rather good. I started for the 7.45 train to avoid meeting people. Of course, I missed it; so I sat down in the station to await the event. At about ten minutes

after eight, Professor Locke came in and asked affably whether I were going to Boston. I said that I was, and sought some excuse to get rid of her. No inspiration came to me, however, and in ten minutes the train arrived. Then I saw a Freshman, whom I hardly know, coming across the platform. I excused myself and rushed cordially in her direction. I don't remember what I said. I saw Professor Locke mounting the steps of the first car. The Freshman looked a little dazed as I gallantly helped her into the middle car and retired to the one at the rear.

"We passed the 'Hills,' and then I saw the conductor coming. He took the tickets deliberately one after another. I felt myself blush, but steeled my heart for the encounter.

"'Tickets,' he demanded at last of the person in front, and then turned to me. I looked at him firmly, and said:

"'I 've lost my purse, and I must go to Boston. It is very embarrassing, but——

"'Live at the College?'

"'Yes.'

"'Um.'

"'If you would be so kind,' I continued, 'I might go on to Boston and leave a ticket to-morrow at the Wellesley station. You could get it there.'

"'Well, that will do,' he said.

"Every one was interested by this time, and I felt the eyes of the entire car.

"'Thank you,' I gasped. 'My name is Ada Helmick.'

"He turned to go, but paused again and asked:

"'How shall you get back?'

"'Oh, I shall meet some one in Boston,' I said. 'I shall get back somehow.'

"He moved away, and I began to breathe normally. Suddenly I saw him before me again. This time he dropped half a dollar in my lap. I blushed and started to speak.

"'You might not meet your friends,' he interrupted. 'It 's all right. Just

leave fifty cents and a ticket in an envelope with the agent at Wellesley.'

"And he retreated.

"'It 's too bad,' said an old lady, addressing the back of my head. 'Now, could n't I lend ye something? I live in Wellesley.'

"I thanked her, but declined the offer. Fifty cents, I said, would get me back, and was all I needed.

"The shopping went smoothly enough. I called at the optician's and got my glasses, asking him to send the bill next term. He has fixed those glasses fifteen times, so he can afford to trust me. Then I went to a shell place and bought a comb for Mary. By the way, how do you like it?" And she tossed a box to the girls. "They agreed to send the bill. The little woman who served me was much struck with the pathos of my story. Then I thought I might as well make sure of those gloves and christen them to-morrow at Fan Reed's party. I had taken a sample of my new gown, so I went to

Miss Blank's and matched it, sending the bill to you. She said six was not your number, but I told her they were a present. Behold them. Are n't they iligent? You will pay four dollars for them in time. Don't interrupt. You may wail later.

"I went over to the New Library and looked at the pictures, and then I invested in a cup of coffee and a roll. That left me forty cents. I considered. Edith told me yesterday morning that the B. and A. fare to Boston had been reduced to twenty-five cents. Forty cents minus a quarter is fifteen cents. I determined to buy chocolates to that extent and walk from the station to the College.

"When I presented my quarter to the agent and demanded a ticket to Wellesley, he looked a little queer. 'Thirty cents,' he announced.

"'I thought it was reduced to twenty-five.'

"'No, thirty,' he said shortly.

"'Well,' I said desperately, 'give me a ticket to the "Farms."'

"He struggled to suppress a smile. I suppose it did look queer. I did n't seem particular about the place, so long as it was cheap.

"Fortunately, the Wellesley passengers were mostly Freshmen. Moreover, I did n't meet the conductor of my morning experience. I put the chocolates in my pocket to avoid temptation, and stared into vacancy with a dignified chill.

"It was very cloudy, and before I reached the Farms it began to rain. I got off there, and faced the pleasant but damp prospect of a walk.

"'What on earth,'—said a voice behind me.

"Before I turned I knew it was Mary Evans.

"'I 'm economizing. Saving seven cents a trip for the Missions,' I said.

"'I should think you were doing penance as well—killing two birds with one stone,' said she cynically. 'Come home with me for to-night. It may clear before morning.'

"I thanked her, but stuck to my purpose. I did take her umbrella, however, and with this slight protection against the rain, I proceeded toward Wellesley.

"Until to-day, I never realized the length of three miles. The rain came more and more heavily, and the way seemed to stretch ahead indefinitely. I ruined a remarkably good looking pair of boots. My new skirt is twisted out of all recognition, and ornamented after the impressionistic fashion with Norfolk County clay. Still I have had my experience, and I have won a wager. Moreover, the wager is paid."

"Not yet," groaned Edith.

"As far as I am concerned it is paid. I have seized my opportunity."

"I venture to say you have cured Edith of one pernicious pastime," said the girl at the piano. "Her wagers for the future will be indefinite."

"Oh, the luck of it!" said Polly Eliot. "I might smile my prettiest without melting the hard heart of a railroad official."

"A joke on Ada Helmick," said some one, coming into the dusky room. "She lost her purse this morning, and had to go to Boston without a ticket. The conductor lent her fifty cents. The whole situation was most ludicrous."

"No," said Polly, breathlessly. "How did you hear?"

"Mrs. Allen came out on the 3:20 from Boston. The conductor, who is one of her numerous acquaintances, asked her if she knew a Miss Helmick at the College. He described Ada in a vivid and telling manner; said she was a little incoherent. Was n't it just like her?"

"Remarkably," responded that young lady, as she rose to poke the fire.

After the mirth aroused by this epilogue had subsided, she resumed:

"At any rate, the gloves remain to me. That is a piece of good fortune that my usual luck has not prepared me for."

She flourished them as she spoke, and walked backward toward the door.

Some one was lighting the lamps.

"Save the table," said Polly Eliot, and Ada turned aside in time to avoid a collision.

She paused.

"Behold," she said, as a parting shot at Edith, "and sigh for your lost four dollars."

"Oh!" said every one at once, as one of the long pale-green things slipped and fell into a pitcher of ice-water.

There was a short rhetorical pause, broken at last by shouts of amusement.

"Well, Ada Helmick, you have worse luck than any one I know," gasped Polly at last.

But Ada did not answer. She meditated.

AT THE FIRST FLOOR CENTRE.

THERE was no doubt about it now. She knew that she must leave college. The tedious carefulness, the days of pain she patiently endured alone amid the rush of busy girls; those other days of monotonous discomfort which she had lived through in a mood of defiance or set indifference;—all this had counted for nothing after all. The doctor had closed the door upon her as the last bell broke in upon their talk and left her to creep downstairs to her room.

The palms near the foot of the stairs looked large and soft as they moved in the dark. Through them she saw the lantern of the night-watchman lighting up the white "Niobe" as he passed.

The "Centre" was a reminder of so many things. The very tiles, rattling as

she stepped on them, suggested the brisk click of heels as the meetings after vacation came round. The flower-man's place brought back the old freshman troubles and joys, the sensitive self-consciousness and first enthusiasm over the fullest life she had ever known. Then, all at once, the lonely home and the want which always waited for her there, the monotony of the long, dull rest before her,—all that no one could know through her telling,—came upon her like the chill that was coming over the house. She stumbled and put out her hands before her ; and the grey pillar, cold and smooth as it was, was warmed by the dark hair and hot tears upon it.

A COMMITTEE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

STUDENTS IN RHETORIC III; JUNIOR BULLETIN BOARD.

SUCH was one of the notices that frowned down from the reference bulletin into the upturned faces of the usual stream of girls pressing past on their way from chapel. Helen Barrington, as she read it, gave a groan of mock despair.

"It 's those beastly old forensics," she said. "Are n't we thankful that ours are all done! Come on, Bess, we may as well go over and see what hour they are called for;" and seizing her chum by the arm, she began steering her way between knots of students in busy confab, across the Second Floor Centre, to the junior bulletin board.

"Well, of all the faded-looking mortals, '96 does take the lead this day!" laughed Helen, on seeing the tired faces of the girls already before the notice. "Why did n't you take time by the front hair, as Bess and I did, and do your forensics weeks ago, when the subjects were first posted? Then you 'd have had all the time you wanted, without getting into such a stew at the last!" And she laughed again, teasingly.

"See here, Helen, you feel altogether too important!" retorted Gertrude Simmons, a decidedly "jolly Junior" in the group. "But it 's the first time in your life that you ever got a paper ready before it was due, and I don't wonder that it makes you queer. For my part, I 've been too busy to begin my forensic till this week."

"Yes, it is a great tax on one's time and strength to learn to paddle Johnnie Harvard's canoe at Riverside!" assented Helen with sympathy. "By the way, Edith told me that your design for the

Glee Club program had taken the prize, did n't she? Yes, you poor old girl, I know you 've been busy, but your forensic will be in all right at 12.30 to-day. You always get there just the same, if you do take your own time. Bess," calling after her room-mate, as that young woman was starting for the library, arm in arm with a girl in a '96 crew suit; " I 'll get the mail and come over to the room at the end of this recitation. You 'll be there? "

" Yes, Helen; I 'm just going to look up one or two references in the library before going over."

The nine o'clock bell called Helen and Gertrude into their respective class-rooms, and Bess and the '96 stroke walked towards the library in quest of Miss Williams's lost references.

Her chum, Helen Barrington, was one of those girls so often found in college, too clever to have to study very much to keep up, and consequently not doing very much more than to keep up. She was a student whom the Faculty found interest-

ing in class and liked outside of class. She was very popular with the girls; quite popular enough to keep her more or less engaged all the while and to make it very hard indeed for her ever to find time or inclination for studying.

The recitation in English Literature over, Helen rushed down stairs, in a vain hope to reach the post-office before the jam. But of course she did n't. No one was ever known to reach the Wellesley College post-office before the crowd does, at *that* time of day. Our junior friend heaved a sigh of relief as she finally succeeded in wriggling her way out of the press with her chum's mail and her own: a letter from her mother, another in a familiar masculine hand, and a society notice. After a hasty glance at this latter important missive, she tore open the envelope bearing the Princeton stamp, and read as she crossed the campus towards her room in Norumbega:

My Dear Miss Barrington:—

You have no idea how disappointed I

am to find that I shall have to play the martyr, and take back my acceptance of your delightful invitation for the Glee Club concert next Monday evening. I do not need to tell you how I regret losing the opportunity of hearing the clubs you are so devoted to, and of "doing" the College in all the jolly ways you so kindly suggested; but Princeton is so *very* far from Wellesley, and it is so *very* near the end of the term, that—well, I leave you to your own inferences! Without making so bold as to hint for another invitation, however, I will take the liberty of informing you that I am about to start a penny bank for the sake of meeting any emergencies of the sort that may arise next year.

Trusting that my change of plans may cause you no inconvenience, and with the sincerest regrets that I cannot take immediate advantage of your kindness to me, believe me always, Faithfully yours,

ORANGE BLACK.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,
May twenty-third, '95.

"Oh, how stupid!" thought Helen; "no man at the concert; it 's too late to write to anyone else now. I may as well sell his ticket to some girl." She sighed as she went up the steps of Norumbega Cottage, into the grateful coolness of its hall. As she opened the door to her own room, a strong smell of cheese greeted her senses with a momentary surprise; but on glancing around on the disorder of the room, she laughed at herself for forgetting the "bunny" and chocolate that Bess and she had entertained their friends with the night before. Her chafing-dish and little brass tea-kettle still stood in the midst of a mass of papers and reference books on the centre table, and a large bottle of alcohol was standing upright in the waste basket. A couple of unwashed "chocoa" cups were on Helen's escritoire, and her blanket-robe was thrown over the back of a steamer chair.

"Oh dear, Billy, why did n't you clean up?" cried Helen, tossing a couple of letters to her chum, who was lazily prac-

tising some banjeaurine music, leaning back among the window cushions. "Let up on your strumming, while I read ma's letter, there 's a dear! By the way, Orange Black can't come."

"Oh, what a shame! You 'll be the only girl in our crowd without a man at the concert!"

"Well, no matter; I shall try to be brave. Here 's his letter.—Come." This last, called at the top of her voice, was in answer to a vigorous knock at the door. In rushed a flushed and panting young woman with a look half worry and half amusement on her round face.

"Ah, Fan, just in time to help me wash the dishes. You look excited. What 's the trouble now?"

"Say, Helen," interposed Bess, "I 'm going to take over our forensics now. We 'll forget them if we leave them till the last minute." Bess hated cleaning up with all her soul, and as she saw signs of the beginning of the operation, she picked up the two bulky, brown-covered manu-

scripts, and darted out—hatless, as is the custom at Wellesley—ran down one hill and up another, to dispose of her precious burden in the rhetoric cabinet. When she came back, feeling as if the weight of continents had fallen from her shoulders, she danced into the room and burst out:

"Helen, I feel ten years younger. What let 's do to celebrate? Oh, hello girls—you here to celebrate, too?" This to a couple of Juniors who had come in during Miss Williams's absence.

"Shut up, Billy," came a drowsy little voice from the couch cushions, "and let me go to sleep. Your old 'bunny' lay on my conscience last night and kept me awake till morning."

"You poor little dormouse," spoke up Miss Julia Hempstead, a tall, dignified-looking girl in glasses, who was lolling back in the steamer-chair. "This is no place for your slumbers. Fan is going to recite us another of her tales of woe."

"Girls, I 'm in despair," began Helen's first visitor of the morning, Fan Stevens,

"and I 've come to you for help. You know what an unfortunate time I had when my brother came up from Yale to the last Glee Club concert on Washington's Birthday. I had always bragged so about Wellesley and everything pertaining to it, from the grounds to the girls; and I was so anxious to have the actual thing verify all my statements when he came here. But of course it went and snowed a regular blizzard to begin with, and his impression of the grounds was an illimitable stretch of waste lands and woods, with the snow coming down so fast and thick, that as I pointed to the different buildings, from the barge window, he could n't even make them out. So, then, I centred all my hopes of impressing him well on the girls; but when we got to College Hall not a decent girl I knew was to be seen, and every old dig and crank that we met, Fred would say: 'Now there 's a queen! Who 's that?' or, 'I suppose that peach over there is one of the stars, is n't she?' Oh, it was

awful! The only redeeming feature of his whole visit was the concert. He did go so far as to say that the Glee Club was 'out of sight,' and the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs were 'smooth people!'

"I was dissatisfied with the entire visit. He met none of you girls; those of you who were n't taking part in the concert, were either ushering, or had visitors of your own to look after; he knows no more about my friends here than he did before he came. I suppose he thinks that all the girls are like those sticks we met around the corridors that afternoon, and that the real 'queens' he saw on the chapel platform are only a few extraordinary exceptions, here by accident. I know he made fun of the whole thing to all his cronies down there at Yale, and now—oh dear, oh dear,—Mr. Van Attler, his chum, an awfully swell fellow, from New York, writes and asks me if I don't remember my promise to invite him up to one of our Glee Club concerts some time, and reminds me that this is his last term at

college. He is just as nice as he can be, but I know that Fred has put him up to this—I just know he has. What shall I do? I can never in this world entertain him myself; and though I want to introduce him to you girls, I can't bring you all down in a premeditated lump, and present him to you. Besides, I have crew-practice that morning, and Float is so near, that Miss Collis insists that we must do the rowing ourselves, and not send out any subs. to take our places. So I am completely lost. Tell me what to do about it, Helen. That fellow must have a good time and take away a favorable impression of College at all costs."

"Well, you 've gone to the wrong lady for help this time," said Harriet Willcox, the sleepy occupant of the couch, teasingly. "Helen won't be able to care for any one at all, aside from Mr. Orange Black of Princeton, '95."

"Oh, yes she will!" answered her chum promptly. "Helen is the very girl to come valiantly to Fan's rescue, for she

has just received word from the unfortunate Mr. Black, that he can't come:—'dead broke' you know, and the rest of the old story."

"Why Helen, how beautifully considerate of him!" cried the delighted Fannie. "I could n't have wished for better luck! You are the entertainer I have been longing for all the time."

"Well now, just see here, Fan Stevens," broke in Julia Hempstead, with remarkable vivacity for so staid and proper a person, "we know that you can't persuade Mr. Van-what-'s-his-name that one girl makes a college, no matter how favorably she impresses him; and the rest of us here choose to have a finger in this pie too, as representatives of this great institution of learning. It 's only fair to the College and Mr. Van."

"*And* to us," added Hat with a little giggle.

"See here girls, I have a scheme," began Helen after a long and ruminating silence.

"We will have for this swell Yale Senior of New York, a committee of entertainment—whose organized workings shall be secret and invisible to him and to the College public; but whose plan of action and method of procedure shall be definite and effective—warranted to kill. Fan, you pick out a dozen girls—I think that will be enough—whom you would like your friend to meet, as among your cronies here, or because they are interesting in some other way, and we 'll make out a schedule to run them on. How long is this flower of youth and beauty to grace our classic halls?"

"He 's coming early Monday forenoon, and plans to stay till Tuesday after chapel," said Fan, pulling a letter out of her belt and referring to it.

"Very well," smiled Helen, "Now let 's arrange this time-table."

"Oh what a lark!" exclaimed Hattie Willcox, who was by this time thoroughly awake. Of one accord the girls went over to the couch and huddled together, peek-

ing over Helen's shoulder, as, note-book and pencil in hand, she commenced filling in the program.

"Helen you are an old dear," said Fan, laughing gleefully. "Here are the girls I have chosen"; and she handed her a list of a dozen names or so, that she had jotted down at Helen's request.

"Very good," said Helen approvingly, as she glanced down the list, containing a number of College celebrities, prominent for this reason or for that.

After half an hour of severe mental application for the five girls, Helen drew herself up and read the following results of their labor.

"Monday, 10 A.M. Man to arrive at Norumbega. Fan to meet him and chat for fifteen minutes.

"10.15 A.M. Start for College Hall, to show visitor the place.

"10.18 A.M. Gertrude Simmons to be on look-out for couple at First Floor Centre. Introduction. Short talk.

"10.30 A.M. Helen must be in alcove in

library, just putting up books and papers preparatory to leaving, when Fan and Mr. Van Attler go through. Run into each other. Introduction inevitable. All walk out of library together. Helen must ask the hour. When Mr. Van looks at his watch, Fan must be horrified to learn that it is time for crew-practice, and so must ask Helen to look after her friend while she is gone.

"10.40 A.M. All go down to boat-house, leave Fan with crew, then Helen and Mr. Van must start to walk down Tupelo, where Julia, Bess, and Hat are to be sitting, Julia reading aloud, and where another introduction will be necessary. All four girls entertain man till Fan's practice is over, watch crews on lake, and, if there is any tennis, or basket ball going on, watch that, and explore the grounds in general.

"11.45 A.M. All go to boat-house to meet Fan when she comes from her rowing. Florence Little, captain of senior crew, must be waiting in the rotunda on

some pretext, and girls must introduce Mr. Van to her and engage them in conversation until '96 boat comes in.

"12.00 M. Edith Burrows, and Alice Grant must be sitting on Norumbega piazza with golf sticks lying near them, just in from a chase round the links, when Mr. Van Attler and his bevy of escorts come up; all sit and talk till luncheon time.

"12.30 P.M. Luncheon. Jule and Bess be sure to invite Miss Deerfield and Maud Mason to lunch with them at Norumbega, and all sit at table where Fan and Mr. Van are.

"1.30 P.M. Fan is to take Mr. Van out rowing.

"2.00 P.M. Grace Hamlin, and Kate McAllister be in their skiff in the creek, just beyond bridge, for by that time Fan will row man down there, and stream is so narrow that an introduction and conversation will be unavoidable.

"2.30 P.M. Sue Duncan be coming out of post-office as Fan and Mr. Van Attler

go along. Fan borrows Sue's key, to get her mail, as they share a box, and presents her friend to Sue, leaving them talking while she goes in for her mail. All walk over to hill together—Sue to her room at Wood, Fan and her visitor to Norumbega, where carriage is ordered to come at 3.00, and Helen, Bess, Fan, and man go for drive to Baker's Gardens and the grotto until tea-time. Stop for tea at the restaurant, then leave man at Hotel Waban, and drive home to dress for concert.

"There," cried Helen triumphantly, when she had finished reading this remarkable document. "If that man is n't impressed when he gets through with this visit, well—it won't be the committee's fault, that 's sure! Now what we girls have got to do is to learn those hours off, so as to know when who is to be where, for there will be critical periods when a break of a single moment would be hazardous. I declare that schedule was a feat, considering how we had to steer our way between all the concert rehearsals, Shake-

speare-play rehearsals, crew-practice, chapel decorating, and all the extra duties that so many of the girls on this list are to be occupied with on Monday. Fan, you 'll notify all these ladies of their appointments, won't you? Come on, girls, there 's the luncheon bell."

. . . . . .

Glee-Club Monday came, and with it came Dick Van Attler, speeding to his fate. The committee were all in readiness, the day was fine, and the grounds showed off to advantage in the freshness of the May morning. As Dick drove along the broad, shady village street, past the little stone lodge, into the grounds, and saw the lovely wooded slopes and fresh meadows, with here and there a hall or cottage in some sightly spot; as he caught an occasional glimpse of Lake Waban dazzlingly bright in the morning sun, he felt that his chum Stevens had done gross injustice to the Wellesley grounds, in his comments the winter before. "It 's out of sight!" he thought to himself. "I

wonder if the girls realize what a paradise they are in, or whether they never take time from their studies to think of it. If there are many here like Fan Stevens, I 'll wager they don't kill themselves studying; but from what Fred said, I think his sister must be something of an exception here." At this point his thoughts were interrupted by their arrival at Norumbega, and the next moment he had sent up his card for Miss Stevens, and was wishing he had spikes in his shoes, as he stepped across the highly polished hall floor to wait in the reception room.

It was just two minutes past ten, and the working of the schedule had begun. It went beautifully for a time. Mr. Van Attler was duly impressed with the grace and beauty and general "air" of the young woman who ran up to his hostess near the palms, in College Hall, all eagerness for an interview, but who was so taken aback to learn that the young man standing by was in Miss Williams's company. Then, as they were walking down the library, a girl

came rushing out of one of the side alcoves in such a hurry that she fairly ran into Mr. Van Attler, and stopped short with a blushing, "Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" and then he had been delighted to hear Fan say:

"Oh, hallo, Helen; is that you? If you are n't in *too* much of a hurry may I introduce Mr. Van Attler?" And then explanations had followed; who Mr. Van Attler was—just as if Helen did n't know as well as Dick himself, by that time!—and how Helen was not in a hurry at all, but was walking fast "simply from force of habit"; and they all sauntered out of the library together, Dick thinking what a mighty pretty girl Miss Barrington was, and Helen trying to reconcile this big, handsome, easy-mannered fellow with the somewhat cynical, blasé, dudish type she had expected to meet.

Then they had walked down the corridor to the post-office, where Fan had been thrown into great consternation by a missive calling her to crew-practice at once, and so Helen had kindly agreed to

"try to amuse Mr. Van Attler in Fan's absence, though she was afraid he 'd be dreadfully bored"; and they had all walked down to the boat-house together, and Helen and the visitor stood there until they had seen the '96 crew round the Point, and then—and then——

At 10.40 Julia Hempstead, reclining in her most graceful pose, was reading aloud in her sweetest, most silvery tones to Bess and Hat, likewise reclining in their most graceful poses, but all in vain. No Helen —and no man.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene," etc.

At 11.45 the '96 crew came in from its row. There, true to their word, were the three Juniors who had spent the morning reading at Tupelo; there, true to her appointment, was Florence Little, senior crew captain; there, through with her practice, was Fan. But no Yale visitor— and no Helen.

At 12.00 two flushed and panting Sophomores were sitting on Norumbega piazza,

their golf sticks lying beside them—just come up from a game of golf. But no Mr. Van Attler—and no Helen.

At 12.30 Miss Deerfield and Miss Mason sat down to luncheon with their friends, Miss Hempstead and Miss Williams. But no guest of honor—and no Miss Barrington.

At 2.00 Miss Hamlin and Miss McAllister were lazily and aimlessly paddling about the creek below the bridge. But no other boat and no Yale Senior came in sight.

At 2.30 exactly Sue Duncan, the charming and distinguished president of the freshman class, walked slowly out of the college post-office, absorbed, apparently, in the mail she had just received. But no Mr. Van Attler, and no Miss Stevens, asking for the key.

At 3.00 a boy from Bailey's livery stable drove up to Norumbega with a prancing steed and elegant equipage—such as the Wellesley liveries *always* provide for the College—but no stunning

masculine visitor, with a trio of festive Juniors, was waiting—only two disconsolate maidens who sent the boy back with his carriage, promising to "settle up" with Mr. Bailey later.

At 3.05, though not in accordance with the original time-table, thirteen infuriated and raging damsels were holding an indignation meeting in Helen's room, when in walked the unsuspecting "subject of the prayer-meeting," Miss Helen Barrington, herself. And then the cloud of wrath burst forth in all its fury.

"Helen Barrington, *where* have you been?" demanded her chum, as all thirteen girls rose with one accord, and rushed upon this young delinquent. But before Helen could answer, or do anything more than look surprised at the vast number of the assembly before her, Fan Stevens broke in with a voice trembling with uncontrollable wrath and emotion:

"My man, Helen! What have you done with my man?" Helen began to look dazedly from one to another.

"Well, girls, I don't understand why you should get so excited, but I 'll explain my part first, and perhaps we 'll each enlighten the other after awhile. As soon as you had started out with the crew, Fan, I suggested to Mr. Van Attler that we walk down Tupelo, and I showed him where it was. But he is the most persistent man I ever saw, and was simply bent on going the other way. He wanted to walk around the lake, he said, go through the Hunnewell Gardens, and so on. Of course I could n't tell him that there was anyone waiting for us down Tupelo, so I tried to make excuses by saying we could n't get around and back in time to meet you when the crew came in. But Mr. Van Attler said 'We surely could walk it in less than an hour, and as Miss Stevens was not due until 11.45, that left us an hour and a half.'

"'Why,' I said, 'is n't it a quarter before eleven already?' and in answer he pulled out his watch and showed me. I had forgotten my own, as usual, and there

it was, only quarter-past ten sure enough. I decided that the crew must have been called out early for double practice-time, but how all our connections had worked so far, I did n't understand then, and don't yet. However, I knew you girls were n't booked for Tupelo before quarter of eleven, so I decided to hustle him around the lake, and try to catch you on the Point before you quite gave us up. I thought you would probably wait there fifteen or twenty minutes for us any way ! " and she looked at Julia, Hat, and her chum, reproachfully.

" Well, we had a delightful walk—Why did n't you tell me what a jolly fellow he is, Fan ?—but," giving her no chance for a reply, " I was really afraid we were having such a good time I should lose track of the hour, so I kept Mr. Van Attler looking at his watch all the time, and when we reached Tupelo finally, just a minute or two after eleven,—not more than fifteen minutes late—I was perfectly amazed not to find you girls ! " Another reproachful glance

at the gasping trio. "At first I suggested waiting near the boat-house until the crew should come in at 11.45, but it was so hot in that part of the grounds, and Mr. Van Attler seemed so almost bored at the thought of loafing around there, that I concluded if you people did n't care enough about meeting him to allow me a few minutes leeway in our appointment, I was n't going to bother myself about running after you. So when Mr. Van asked if there was n't a soda fountain in the place, where we could refresh ourselves after our walk, I started him off for the Spa, knowing we could get back in plenty of time to meet the golf players on our piazza at 12.00. Well, after we had had our soda, Mr. Van asked if that did n't stimulate my appetite for something more, and said *he* wanted some ice-cream. So I took him to the restaurant, after ascertaining from him that it was not quite half-past eleven, and we had ice-cream and cake. He seemed awfully hungry, poor fellow; I really don't believe he had had

any breakfast. Just as we were coming out of the restaurant, he beheld Diehl's livery stable across the street, and seemed struck with the idea that he 'd been walking me around pretty steadily all the morning, and insisted upon going across and ordering a carriage to drive back to College. I thought it would get us there all the sooner, so finally we went over and ordered a carriage to take us up. Instead of driving up the back way, he turned toward Washington Street, to come around by the Lodge, as I supposed; but instead of that, the fellow started down the street, going past Dana Hall. I began to expostulate with him, but after finding out from me that there were no college rules against it, he persuaded me to take just a short drive, reminding me that the difference in time between walking and riding was clear gain. Then he said that as I had kept him walking all the morning, he thought it only fair that he have a chance to retaliate by keeping me driving awhile. Of course, after that I had to relent. Well,

I know that a short time seems longer in a carriage than anywhere else, but that hour I was driving with him was the longest I ever spent. He 's an awfully good talker, though, and I really enjoyed every minute, except that I hated to think of all the broken engagements with you girls here. However, I knew he would be presented to the majority of you at luncheon, and he 's coming up for it just as soon as he takes the horse back. He forgot to leave word for a boy to come for it. I wonder if my hair looks all right to go down to luncheon!"

Helen paused, and for a moment the thirteen girls stood in the same blank and silent amazement which they had kept all through her recital. Then the one word "lunch" rang from each girl's throat, followed by such a gale of laughter as had never before been heard, even in that room. As soon as Bess Williams could speak, she walked up to her chum—her poor, bewildered chum—and said:

"Helen, my dear, it 's an open question

whether the joke is on you or on us; but certain it is, that if we 've been taken in, you 've been taken in still more. My dear, if you will look at the watch you left behind you this morning, you 'll see that it 's after three, and rather late for luncheon."

Helen jumped as if she had had a bad dream, then stood still in sheer amazement, while the angry and mortified color rose to her face.

"What a swindler!" she muttered at last. "I shall never, never speak to him again! Fan Stevens, can you explain to me how such a man, so apparently the perfect gentleman, could be capable of so ungentlemanly a trick? And to think that I should fall such easy prey!" Here she blushed again with embarrassment.

"Oh, girls, girls, how can I ever hold up my head again? To think that I should let any man *see* that I was enjoying his company so much as to be utterly oblivious of time; as not even to know the difference between morning and afternoon

—the east from the west! Well, I shall be very careful not to add any more to his enjoyment. I shan't even recognize him!"

Early the next afternoon Dick Van Attler walked with slow and sorrowful mien into his room in Durfee, and setting his dress-suit case down right in the middle of the study floor, went over to his chum, lolling in the window-seat, and in answer to that gentleman's welcoming pound on the chest, tried to drag him off.

"Get out of this, Freddie, and give me a chance, will you? Yes, I 'll tell you all about the kind of a time I had, if you 'll only let me lie down."

He seemed so dejected and forlorn, that Stevens made way for him, and drawing up an easy chair, so that he could put his feet upon the window-seat, he asked:

"What 's the matter, old man? Was it *very* rocky?"

"Rocky? well, not much! But, oh, Fred, I met *such* a girl!"

"Jove!" exclaimed Fred, taking his pipe from his mouth. "So that 's it, is it? Well, Dick, I did n't think that of you. Capture her, or did n't she meet you half way, or what the Dickens *is* the row, anyway?"

"Yes, she was very kind and agreeable at first, you know, but afterwards—after I —after she—well, confound it, let me tell you about it first! Your sister and I were just leaving Norumbega for College Hall, when a paper dropped out of Miss Stevens's belt, and she never noticed it. I picked it up and was just about to hand it to her when I saw my name at the top; so I glanced down the sheet—and I declare, man, what do you suppose those girls had done? They 'd got me all fixed out in a time-table there, as if I were a train and they the stations; and they were planning to pass me around from one to another, so they all could have a fling at me, without any one of them getting bored! Well, you can bet I was mad when I got on to their little game, and I decided then and

there to nip it in the bud just as soon as I found a suitable girl to make a halt with. Well, sir, the very second girl in the performance was just my fruit. She *was* a beauty, and she had no watch on, either. That was a desirable qualification for *my* part in the play. Your sister had to leave us to go for crew-practice, about as soon as Miss Barrington and I were properly introduced, and according to my time-table, Miss Barrington was to turn me over half the College and meet several dates with me, all inside of an hour. Well, then the fun commenced! I was simply bent on taking just the opposite direction I was booked for, and, of course, she, as hostess, had to comply with my wishes. She kept asking the time, and whenever she asked it, as I put my watch back in my pocket, I turned the hands five or ten minutes back, so that she got way off on the hour; and, my, maybe we did n't have an elegant lark! We covered the country for ten miles round about, went driving and all this and that, and did n't

get back to her Norumbega till after three o'clock; and all the time I kept my watch hands in front of noon, and she thought it was just about half-past twelve when she got home. You see, when we were driving, she did n't know where we were, nor the points of the compass, so she could n't have told anything by the sun, even if she had noticed it, and I kept her talking just as hard as I knew how all the time so that she *should n't* notice. I was afraid she 'd feel awfully hungry, but about one o'clock we had soda and ice-cream and cake, and that seemed to be all she wanted. But it all came to an end; of course she found out what I had done just as soon as she got back to the girls, and she never gave me so much as a look, last night or this morning. She was the prettiest girl on the platform last night—she plays a guitar in the Banjo Club—and it made the cold chills run down my spine just to look at her; but she was unforgiving, and I could n't get so much as a word from her. Just the same, old fellow, don't you think

I was justified in interfering with their sport the way I did? It looked as if they were trying to make game of me, and I suppose Miss Barrington thinks I was trying to make game of her; but I never meant such a thing as that, even at the start. I simply wanted to show them I was n't going to be run by schedule in any such style; and when I met Miss Barrington I was that broken up, that I would have done anything merely for the sake of being with her. Confound it, I went and cut my throat after all.—Say, Freddie, my boy, she 's going to spend next August with your sister at your summer place there on Long Island. If you love me, invite me down to see you for a few days while she 's there, won't you?"

Did Helen forgive him, or "*never*, *never*, speak to him again?" Let the following clippings answer.

Personals.

"Miss Helen Barrington, daughter of Judge Barrington of this city, is spending

the month with a college friend, Miss Stevens, at her summer home on Long Island."—*Hartford Courier, Aug. 3, 1895.*

Departures.

"Mr. Richard Van Attler, who has been spending part of the summer here, with his mother and sisters, left this morning to enjoy the Atlantic breezes with a Yale classmate, Mr. Stevens, on the southern coast of Long Island."—*Adirondack Hotel Summer Journal, August 6, 1895.*

College Notes.

"The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Barrington, '96, to Mr. Richard Van Attler, of New York, Yale, '95."—*Wellesley Postlude, October, 1895.*

A COLLEGE ADHESION.

" How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!"

THE Seniors were waiting in two long lines on the stairway for the organ voluntary to begin. The President, leaning on the arm of the Commencement speaker, was standing by the chapel door. It was hot and close, and this, with the suspicion of rain in the air, was taking out curls and making sleeves droop in a woe-begone manner which the startling styles did not authorize. The girls looked tired, and two or three were clinging to the banisters, wondering if, when once they were seated, they would ever care to get up again. The organ voluntary began; the white satin ribbons, reserving the front seats

that the Seniors had occupied all that year, were untied; and the President with the speaker came up one aisle followed by the graduates. There was a subdued murmur as some family found their daughter, or some Junior, a Senior to be in a short hour or two, criticized openly the fit of a gown or the dark circles under the eyes of the girl she especially admired. Yet, on the whole, it was a dignified and rather impressive scene, so the murmur quickly died out and the audience began rustling their programs.

Back in the gallery the Beethoven Society were singing, "Now Gentle Spring, Her Flowers Brings." The second girl in the front row listened wearily. She was in no mood for music. When the President of the Trustees began his long prayer, she leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes.

It was a relief to be able to think a moment or two. All the Monday before she had spent in a hopeless endeavor to gather together, for packing, the odds and

ends that had accumulated for the last four years. The Freshmen had been in and out all morning, criticizing in a tactless manner, the few cumbersome articles she had offered for sale. It was with a long breath of relief that she saw the door close on the last rosy, important, little face. It seemed too much like leaving a part of herself to be talked over and punched and laughed at, when she saw her tea-table and cushions being carried out of her sight. Then her class-mates came in for a last rarebit together; so she locked up her real thoughts to play at being gay till midnight. After that she had drawn up her chair by the window, and had tried to think over her four years of college life—whether it were worth while or if it really meant anything; but she could not get beyond the fact that her back ached from the bottom of her spine to the top of her head, and that she was sleepy. So to-day she was glad of the whole hour and a half that she had to herself.

She thought this all over while the min-

ister prayed for the "young life going out into the real world of suffering," and while the speaker was introduced. Then she opened her eyes for a moment to study his face. It was only three months before that he had accepted the invitation to speak that June Tuesday, and she remembered the relief of the class when his answer came; yet to-day she felt no interest, no responsiveness, as he began the development of his theme. It was what she had been, not what she might be, that held her fascinated that afternoon. So with one more quick look to fix firmly in her mind the steady, penetrating eyes, the powerful curves around his mouth, the sympathetic, thoughtful atmosphere about him, she turned to glance for a moment at the crowded seats reserved at her left for the alumnæ.

She smiled to herself a little as she thought of certain pleasant hours spent with some of them. It seemed good to go over the old, delightful times when she was a Freshman and they were Seniors

whom she regarded with awe, and of whose friendship she was proud. So she let her eyes wander up one row and down another, until they stopped at the face of a girl in the third. She looked at her carelessly, and then she saw with a sudden start that it was the girl she had known the best in all her college course. She held her breath for a moment. For two long years she had been hoping that she had forgotten her. Dear memory, why had she not forgotten her? There was so much else that she ought to have remembered, days full of hourly delight and bits of pleasure; but they were like the rosemary in her grandmother's chest,—only the quaint fragrance remained. Yet there, in all the distinctness of clear-cut lines, stood out in her mind the figure of this one girl, whom she hated with all the intensity of a pagan. The very thought of her brought a fierce, ungovernable rush of shame and aversion, sweeping away the last trace of sturdy pride and self-control. She knew now that those passionate asser-

tions to herself in the last two years that she had forgotten everything were in vain. Their very intensity should have told her that. The bitter sneer she kept only for her hours of solitude crept around her mouth. It had been a useless struggle; what she felt would come to the surface. Veneering was scarcely to the purpose.

The tumult of passion in her grew and grew. She became half alarmed, for she was never quite sure of herself those last few days. She tried to listen to the speaker and was vaguely conscious that he had mentioned "butterflies of fashion," "Marthas of the home," and "life's hard duties and stern realities," but she could see no connection. So she let herself alone and began thinking for the hundredth time of her freshman year when it all began.

From the first, she had found the Junior a fascinating study. Her face was full of possibilities, her eyes were always tired. She looked as if she had never found an answer to the questions that her lips

seemed always ready to ask. The Freshman, who believed she had an answer to every question, a key to every riddle, who dreamt she lived far above the self-questioning and tormenting doubts that she fancied haunted the other, wondered if there was no help for her.

Before the Christmas vacation the Junior understood she was being studied and, half angry, half amused, guessed the reason. That was why she said with a great deal of *impressement* to the Freshman at the junior reception: "I have always wanted to meet you"; and the Freshman opened wide her eyes and wondered why. Later in the evening the Junior said to a class-mate that she was cultivating another Freshman; at which the class-mate, who understood, laughed as if it were a joke, though she pitied the Freshman.

Between that reception and the June Commencement nothing stood out with any distinctness. She remembered there were walks in the woods, rows on the lake,

long evenings in the little study, where she knew she was happy and the Junior interested. They gossiped together, merely college chit-chat about studies, class presidents, and the utility of professors; they discussed knotty world-problems with a freedom that the Freshman thought impiously daring. But,—one lived in a dreamland of her own making; the other in a laboratory of experimental psychology.

A sudden awakening came in May when the professor of mathematics requested an interview with the Freshman, and explained the necessity of hard work before the June "finals." She asked the Junior that night if she really thought the college curriculum the most valuable part of the college life. The emphatic "No," brought an exposition on the meaning of college friendships, the frank intercourse between two spirits, the breadth and depth it brought into the life of each, compared with which the facts of science seemed insignificant. This had a magnifi-

cent sound. When the Freshman studied with a marked intensity on her mathematics that June, she felt like a culprit since she was giving up the highest of her college life for merely a second best.

That summer everything was dated forward instead of backward. It was late when she returned, somewhere about the middle of October. It was her room-mate who was waiting for her at the station, who kissed her and took her bag, who said all manner of cordial greetings in the happiest, most contented voice imaginable. She made little mechanical replies between her intense wonderings as to the whereabout of the Senior. She did not ask her room-mate.

They came up across the meadow. Should she ever forget that long, narrow, twisting, meadow path; the interminable careless, college gossip that her room-mate showered upon her; the reflection of the crimson, silver-spattered sunset on the cottage windows? When they reached the foot of Chapel Hill, she saw the

Senior coming down the walk. It was the same strong familiar face, only it looked more contented. The figure had more repose, to which the senior gown was eminently suiting. A girl was with her, a stranger. The Sophomore waited in conscious expectation. The Senior saw her, hesitated a moment while she smiled at her anxious, uncertain poise. Then she crossed over to shake hands, to say she was glad to see her back, and to introduce her to the stranger as a girl she must know some time. After that, with another smile, she left her; her arm inside her companion's, her eyes looking down with familiar, personal, compelling power on the conscious, contented face of the new Freshman. That was all.

In the year that followed, bit by bit, as the scattered conversations and careless remarks came to her, she pieced together a new history of her freshman year with its follies and its mistakes, and ended its last chapter with the first remark she heard on her return, that never-to-be-

forgotten October day: "And she said that she has had more fun with that Freshman than with any other she has met. Sh!!"

It was only a college infatuation that is disappearing, that can always be lived down; but the bitterness of being dissected and analyzed, reconstructed and skilfully handled by a power-loving, ambitious being remained.

Commencement Day was over. The last guest had left the First Floor Centre; the ushers, with their wands of blue, had seen the mothers in their black silks safely into the coaches. At the end of the reception, the new alumnæ had hurried away to their rooms for cap and gown, and were gathering now on the South Porch for the last serenade to the houses. The class president, watching the familiar groups, thought, with a certain queer feeling, of the nights she had counted them for quorums in Lecture Room I. and wondered what the new year would bring to them all. With a little sigh she pushed the tas-

sel from the left to the right of her cap, the class following her example, and quietly waited for the leader of the Glee Club to begin.

Below them, at the foot of the oak-covered hill that fell rapidly down from the stone porch, Lake Waban lay shimmering in little sparks of light between the dense foliage that lined her shores. At the openings to the left rose, clear and cold, the white rotunda of the boat-house where a week before the class-crews had been cheered in appreciative heartiness at Float. Quiet and still in the gray of the moonlight the whole south shore, dear by a thousand memories, lay at their feet. The signal was long in coming. At last, soft and clear, they heard the first lines of the familiar song, "Where, Oh Where Are the Verdant Freshmen?" Verse by verse, from the "gay young Sophomores" and "the jolly Juniors," the chorus swelled until the last, when slowly with a little lingering on each word, came

"Where, oh where are the grand old Seniors?
Safe now in the wide, wide world."

From the windows of College Hall cheer after cheer for the class and for Wellesley followed the new alumnæ as they turned toward Norumbega Hill, the Senior in their midst. "I shall never forgive her," she said to herself, "I cannot even sing."

RETRIBUTION.

I DONNED my hard-earned cap and gown
And sauntered forth, one morning fair;
A Harvard youth, to tell the truth,
Walked with me, blithe and debonair.

Ah! little thought my truant mind,
On purpose base that morn intent,
What dire dismay might come my way
Before the sunny day was spent.

So, as we strolled beneath the trees,
Along the margin of the lake,
Of games and crews and college news
And grinds and Faculty we spake.

He did not know, that Harvard youth,
That I was cutting lessons three;
I had no fear, for, surely, here
We could not meet a Faculty.

We sailed away from study dry,
All on a morn in early May,
With dripping oar we left the shore ;—
O Freshman, list to what I say.

We floated by the shady shore,
And he did ask a question low,
While lake and hill and heart were still,
Waiting to hear the " yes " or " no."

Ah, woe is me ! we turned the point,
Sure Nemesis the boat did steer.
I never said that " yes " instead,
I tremblingly made answer, " Here ! "

For just above, in rustic seat,
Lo ! straight upon my class we came.
The teacher grim looked down on him,
And from the roll-call read my name.

. . . . . .

Upon the bank a swift farewell,—
" He 'd an engagement quite forgot,"
I 'll ne'er again see him (these men !),
And nevermore, I 'm sure, I 'll cut.

THE CLAIM OF THE HEATHEN.

THE Reverend Doctor Halliwell was holding a consultation with his wife in his little study. They were trying to decide upon the further career of their eldest daughter, Katherine. Mrs. Halliwell, who in her youth had desired more than anything else to be allowed to attend a boarding school, had never lost the sense of fascination connected with this idea. She sympathized with her daughter who had expressed a wish to go to college. College was, if anything, a trifle more unusual than a mere boarding school, and, besides, Katherine was already quite as clever as the two Bloomfield girls who had been graduated from a seminary in New York. Therefore Mrs. Halliwell leaned to this solution of the problem.

"She would have so much better chances if she should teach, you know, James."

"Jane," said the Doctor, "I am a little inclined to accept your plan for another reason. Katherine is quiet and capable, and her disposition has always been serious. I may say that she takes a peculiar interest in religious matters, in matters pertaining to the church. It would gratify me very much to devote our child to the cause of Foreign Missions. She would, no doubt, consider our wishes. It is almost indispensable, of late, that a missionary's wife should receive an adequate education. There is a college near Boston —um——"

"Wellesley," put in Mrs. Halliwell.

"Yes, Wellesley," pursued the Doctor, where girls are trained, I am told, with such an end in view. I know of several ministers who have received remarkable assistance in the work from their wives who were graduated at that school."

"And," said Mrs. Halliwell, "there is Ezra Perkins preparing for——"

"I thought of my godson," interrupted the doctor, "an estimable young man.

Well, we shall see later. I have not quite decided upon the plan. There are questions of expense and—other things to be settled first. We will continue our talk after dinner."

The two went into the dining-room, where the other members of the family were assembled. Katherine was eighteen, of medium height, neither blond nor dark, but exceedingly pretty. Isabel, two years younger, had a thin ascetic face, with large eyes and hair soft as a child's. She was not at all pretty, and there was about her an uncomfortable air of abstraction. There was also a boy of twelve years with a monkey-like expression of suppressed wickedness, for whom the Reverend Doctor Halliwell had chosen his own profession.

After the blessing, Katherine looked at her father and said deliberately:

"Father, I want to speak to you about college. Last week the scholarships were announced at school, and I thought I 'd like to try for one. I went over on Satur-

day for the examination, and to-day I find I was successful. It is the Wellesley scholarship, and covers all expenses for tuition and board. The application for a room was made a year ago, and the holder of the scholarship has only to send her name and present herself for examinations. Will you let me go?"

The Reverend Doctor Halliwell started. He was a little surprised at his daughter's decisive action, and inclined to resent it. After thinking it all over, however, he detected the hand of Providence in this coincidence, and the matter was concluded.

During the discussion Mrs. Halliwell blushed a little consciously; Isabel wakened to a slight interest after the monkey-like child had kicked and pinched her, under the table; and the latter took advantage of the moment to stow away biscuit in his pockets as a preparation for some newly-designed exploit.

The next fall Katherine Halliwell entered college and began to prepare herself for a missionary career. The plans of her

parents were not altogether concealed from her; and Katherine's quick intelligence was not to be eluded. She thought the matter over, and decided that it was perhaps the best thing, after all. It was necessary to be of use in the world. So much was plain. Beyond this her ideas were in a chaotic state. She had tried all her life to reconcile herself to her own particular lot. She had, as her father knew, taken a decided interest in church affairs and in matters of doctrine. The result, however, was one that he could not have approved. She had her own vigorous, youthful, nineteenth-century views on religious matters. She had breathed a new atmosphere all her life, at school, in books, and in her own logical young mind; and the things which she found by looking more closely into her father's views satisfied her less and less. She had struggled womanfully with her doubt and dissatisfaction, locking up her apostacy in her own heart for fear of paining those at home. Finally she had decided that she

would go to this college which had furnished many members of her father's profession with desirable helpmeets, and for which he had a decided respect. She would be apparently all that he could desire. She would do battle with herself. She would return and marry this earnest young minister, accompany him to South Africa, perhaps, and forget her doubts in hard work. This was the best solution of many a problem that had troubled her.

Nevertheless, as the boat came noisily into Fall River on that memorable day in September, she had a feeling of exultation, of freedom, of escape. She leaned over the railing in the early morning and watched the men on the wharf. She did not look in the least like a missionary. Little locks of lightish hair blew about her face mocking her air of meditation, and a restless look in her eyes told tales of her inward mood. Her gown was severely simple, but attractive in a way of its own. This embryo missionary had an ill-suppressed appreciation of the pret-

tinesses of life which, like many undesirable things, when discouraged at one point cropped out unexpectedly at another. She longed to go to a real party that was not a church social nor a Sunday-school picnic nor a tame reception. She wanted to dance and be gay for a little while. But all these tastes were crushed as well as might be and the family never suspected.

Wellesley is a very delightful place for Freshmen. They are fully occupied for the first week, during the intervals of work, in becoming accustomed to the beauty of the place. In September, "Sunshine 's everywhere and summer too." Homesickness, that plague among Freshmen, is greatly modified by the irresistible charm of the woods and the hills and the smooth summer lake. Then, while one is becoming slightly acquainted with the fascinations of the exterior, there is a very gracious welcome to the Freshmen within doors. The strange, new girls, with their shy impulse to avoid

strangers and show that they are sufficient unto themselves, are very well cared for and introduced at Wellesley. The whole College seems to turn out to welcome them. In fact it is mostly the Christian Association and the Sophomore class, but these are a goodly number, and in the first days they are sufficient unto the Freshmen.

On her first Saturday evening Katherine went to the Christian Association reception. One of the Juniors had asked leave to call for her and instruct her in the manners and customs of the place. Katherine met many upper-class girls and many more Freshmen. All the girls were very pleasant. They talked of rowing and basket-ball and tennis, and other joys to come. Those from her own State inquired minutely concerning her acquaintances, hoping to discover some further common interest. One or two spoke of the Association prayer-meetings, and hoped that she would be interested. Most of them, however, were simply cor-

dial, and no one asked her what were her doctrinal preferences. She began to breathe freely and to feel that her college life promised well. She looked about her at the pretty summer gowns and fell to thinking of her own supply.

Her meditation was interrupted by the sound of "Maryland, my Maryland," which someone was playing on a piano. "Hymns, I suppose," she said to herself. But it was n't that. It was college songs, which grew brighter and jollier until at last Katherine decided that college was a very pleasant place indeed.

For the next two weeks she was busy noting the various phases of her new life. Work was not hard, and she had plenty of time to observe. Every Saturday and Monday night dozens of girls went from supper to the gymnasium to dance. It was a festive scene to Katherine. Light gowns and ribbons whisked around to the sound of gay music, and the air was full of light-hearted conversation and laughter.

Many girls asked Katherine to dance,

but she confessed her ignorance of the art.

"Never mind," said Alberta Brown, whose flushed face and bright eyes testified to her enjoyment, "you 'll learn in a few weeks. It 's jolly good fun. I used to think that a dance without men would be stupid, but I 've changed my tune. I wonder what a dance without girls would be like."

Then she laughed and whirled away, and Katherine looked on.

Now the sophomore reception is a more formal affair than anything which belongs to one's freshman year. On the night of this event Katherine stood before the mirror in her room at Stone Hall and arranged her gown with care. She tied her ribbons after the manner of a certain Junior whom she admired, and stuck the bunch of violets which her especial Sophomore had sent her, through her belt. Then she helped her room-mate to dress. Each of them had a pleasant sense of importance when the maid who attends the door announced their carriage.

They drove over to the College together, and in a short space of time Katherine found herself following Miss Brown, '95, along the crowded corridors and into the elevator. She left her wraps in a room where there were deep window seats and comfortable easy-chairs, a lot of water-color sketches and foreign photographs on the walls, rackets and a banjo in one corner, and a stout little book-case opposite, filled with books. Of course there were other things, but these were what impressed her most. Then they went down stairs and were swallowed up by the crowd of moving figures at the reception.

There were introductions and conversation ; there were bonbons and ices ; there was music and the pleasing rustle of new gowns; and the two classes became acquainted very rapidly. All this was much to Katherine's taste, and at night she fell asleep with a confused memory of banjos, tennis balls, books, and music, and the buzzing of numberless voices. Evidently there was something to interest one at

Wellesley beyond the mere drudgery of fitting oneself for a sphere in life.

That first year slipped away very rapidly. Katherine wrote to her mother, saying that she thought she should learn to dance. Her mother reflected that there were no men and that Katherine really needed some amusement to keep her from being homesick, and finally won over the Reverend Doctor to her view.

Katherine was a winning sort of girl. It was easy to know her, and after you knew her you fell somehow into liking her. She made numerous friends. The upper-class girls took to her, principally because of an easy mixture of deference and dignity in her manner. The Freshmen liked her because of her growing capacity for having a good time. Her friends were varied. Among them were light-hearted, good-hearted girls, without much pretension to scholarship; there were two or three earnest, hard-working "digs," who envied her her clear, quick intelligence; there was the solemn little doctor's or minister's

daughter with her dear reverence for all things orthodox, and the flippant maiden without much faith in anything. The athletic girl, the frivolous girl, the religious girl, the society girl, the comfortable mediocre girl, each liked Katherine after her own manner; and Katherine herself developed rapidly. She studied sufficiently, she thought a great deal, read a great deal, and came into possession of many new fields of speculation.

One thing attracted her especially that first year. The "Mask and Quill" gave a play in June. It was *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Katherine received an invitation. She felt like a criminal when she accepted. It was almost equal to attending a theatre. Then she was cross with herself for feeling so. Why under the sun, moon, and stars, should n't she go if she liked? Still, her father's conscience pursued her until she found herself seated on a gorgeous red and black cushion on the little slope of rising ground southeast of Longfellow Pond. There were rows

upon rows of people similarly seated, and a very gay crowd they made. A little cedar boat was moored to the shore of the pond covered with a brilliant striped scarf whose reflection stained the water gold and red. Beyond was the grass again, shaded by tall trees, and beyond that the lake and the woods and the sky.

It was all very good to see, and Katherine forgot for a moment her heinous purpose in coming. Then, when she remembered, she experienced a certain mental pang. She looked at her watch. It was a quarter of seven (the play was scheduled to begin at 6.30). She wondered whether a retreat would be possible. No ; there was Effie Baldwin sitting at her side and chatting contentedly ; Edith Marvel and Harriet Davidson were behind her. It would n't do.

Then, before one could read a sonnet (to measure time after the manner of Mr. Keats), Katherine was intent upon the woes of four hapless lovers and the fairy revels of Titania's court. She had forgot-

ten everything but the witchery of the moment.

Afterward, when she thought of that night, a vision of Puck dawned upon her. He came out of the shadow down by the shore; at first a dim suggestion of shimmering green; then a lightsome figure with twinkling feet that seemed never to touch the earth; then the fairy Puck, with his own airiness, his elfish face, his light, unearthly, contagious laughter. This vision, with its suggestion of Titania asleep in the moonlight, and the song of the watching fairies, filled her mind to the exclusion of any possible pang. For such sins remorse is impossible.

Time passed and Katherine's junior year was well on its way. She was now a member of the Mask and Quill, and remembered with amusement how an uneasy conscience had followed her to that first presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. She never knew exactly how she had won her father's consent when she had proposed to enter a society

whose work was dramatic as well as literary. She was gaining a good deal of freedom during these college days. She found less and less opposition from her father, who realized in a vague way that Katherine was growing up, and that she promised to be a forceful sort of woman with a personality of her own. Yet the personality was pleasing, and this daughter of his was altogether dutiful, obedient, and sweet-tempered during her vacations at home. On the whole, he was proud of her and fond of her. It would be a little hard to give up this eldest daughter, but he would do it. Had he not already devoted her to the cause of Foreign Missions? Meanwhile she belonged to the College Settlement and Christian Associations. He knew that a certain amount of Bible study was required by the College; that the Christian Association held meetings each week for the study of mission fields; and that Katherine had visited the Settlement house on several occasions. He trusted that she was becoming interested in mission work.

One evening Katherine and a friend sat in the very comfortable window-seat of a small room at Norumbega. They were talking in a desultory way about future possibilities. Now and then the friend pulled the tail of a kitten that was curled on the cushion between them. The cat was used to her present position; also to the tail-pulling process which she resented not at all. There was a tradition that she belonged to the Chemistry Building, but she knew a comfortable cushion from a board bench, and the flavor of Norumbega cream was much to her taste.

"Why don't you make up your mind to teach after we get out of here?" asked Katherine's visitor after a long pause. "I shall teach in the High School at Chesterfield if the history department will recommend me. Uncle Joseph could secure the 'literature vacancy' for you upon a similar condition. Do come, Kath. Why on earth should n't you?"

Katherine laughed. "My dear Molly," she said, "my family have already de-

voted me to the cause of Foreign Missions. I shall go to South Africa in all probability and you will never hear of me again. Does n't the idea appeal to you immediately? If not, look upon my radiant face and be converted."

"Ye little fishes!" was the ejaculation which greeted this announcement.

"Are you in earnest, Kath?" pursued Molly, forsaking the kitten in her excitement. "To South Africa! Think of the loneliness of it."

"I did n't say I should be alone. I shall probably be married," was Katherine's next assertion. It had the proper effect upon Molly, who stared blankly at her friend and then burst into a fit of laughter.

Katherine regarded her with an unmoved expression and refrained from offering ice-water or any other remedy.

"Kath Halliwell," said Miss Weaver at last, as she gathered up a short remnant of dignity and wrapped herself therein, "we have been friends and members of

one society for a year and a half, and for that entire period you have hoodwinked me in a shameful manner. I have never suspected the smallest attachment, and now, in one fell moment, you announce an engagement. I ask you frankly, is it fair?"

"Don't disturb yourself unnecessarily," said Katherine. "There is no engagement." Then in a less chilling tone, "See here, Molly, I think I shall tell you about it. Father's godson, Ezra Perkins, is preparing himself for missionary work. Father has always had an idea that I am made of the missionary material, and his one wish has been that I should marry Ezra and go to South Africa. Unfortunately Ezra's father is similarly minded. I have never been attracted by the idea, but once on a time I thought that this was the result of my inordinate desire for the things of this world. I hoped that hard work would correct the errors of my youth. On the whole I thought it best to do as they wished. Now—well, we won't talk about it. The fact is I have n't the moral cour-

age to disappoint father. He *has* been good to me and——"

"Do you mean to say that the man has n't proposed at all?"

"Exactly."

"This is most extraordinary. Would you mind pinching me? I have a notion that I am not awake."

After a pause she took up the thread of conversation again.

"Perhaps he never will—propose, I mean. I suppose it has never occurred to you."

"No," said Katherine, "it has n't. I imagine it never occurred to father. You see, Ezra has not known many girls, and he always liked me when we were children. He will spend this summer in Brookford. I am so evidently suited to the life of a missionary, and my Wellesley training has been so thorough that—the result is a foregone conclusion."

Molly said nothing for some time. She seemed lost in deep thought. From time to time she looked back at the reflective

face of her friend and then out through the low window. At last she rose with a vigorous movement, still holding the kitten's tail, until a wriggle and a cry of protest from the suspended bunch of fur made her let go suddenly.

"Katherine Halliwell," she said, as the kitten scampered away, "I refuse to be cut out by any mythical missionary. I have my own plans for the year after next. Already have I built a castle for us in the classic atmosphere of Chesterfield, which I have made exceedingly comfortable and very much to your taste. For the present it exists only in my mind, but a slight effort will serve to project the dream, and I mean to have my way. Let the Reverend Ezra Perkins beware!"

The next day Molly had some guests. They were her Uncle Joseph, Aunt Anne, and their daughter who was preparing for college. Katherine helped to show them the college buildings and the grounds. In the chapel they pointed out the seats allotted respectively to Seniors, Juniors,

Sophomores, Freshmen, and Specials. They looked into the Faculty gallery; they told the story of the memorial window; and they assured the visitors that the present chapel was utterly inadequate to the needs of the College, which was growing rapidly in the popular esteem. As they were leaving, Molly read the college motto with fitting gravity:

"'*Non ministrari, sed ministrare.*'"

Then she added, with a meaning glance at Katherine;

"Not to be ministered unto, but to be unto ministers."

The small cousin turned to her with unexpected appreciation.

"To be unto ministers," she said, smiling—"what?"

"Helpmeets, of course," announced Molly. "But that is a joke. You will hear it when you 're a Freshman. I will not anticipate."

On the way back to Norumbega, Molly left her aunt and cousin to the fascinations of Katherine Halliwell. Hooking her arm

confidentially into her uncle's, she exercised her own proper charms in which she had a confidence founded on long experience. She was interested in Cousin Marian's prospects and trusted that she would matriculate at Wellesley. She rapidly sketched the advantages of her Alma Mater and especially recommended the literature department. Its Faculty could boast of three successful authors and a poet, she said. And, by the way, Katherine Halliwell was a general favorite with the department. She had done remarkably good work. On the whole, Wellesley was a fine college, although it labored under certain difficulties. She wished that a few more people would endow the College. Then she discussed topics of interest to him, and charmed Uncle Joseph for the twentieth time into the opinion that Wellesley girls were exceedingly sensible and good-tempered, and that on the whole, this was the college for Marian.

That night as she returned from the

gymnasium where the girls had been dancing, Molly observed:

"I have done a good day's work. Since last the sun rose I have heightened the pleasurable good-nature of one well-to-do gentleman with views on the higher education of women, and secured a desirable future student for Wellesley. I have strongly attracted some fifty thousand dollars for the chapel of our dreams. I have insured an appointment for a certain Katherine Halliwell and settled the fate of one Ezra Perkins, D.D."

She sighed with fatigue and retired to her own room for the sake of avoiding conversation.

"I 'm sorry," remarked Katherine one morning in June, as she sewed busily on some light-colored fabric ornamented with gold-braid. "It 's too bad that you will have to entertain him. I suppose it will be dull for you?"

"My dear Kath, I anticipate the Reverend Ezra with pleasure. Do you think I

have persuaded you to ask him for nothing? I have many things to say to him, and this world will spin the better for our interview."

"Don't do anything rash, Molly. Its bad enough as it is."

"You mean that it 's bad enough to invite him to a real out-and-out play?—a play of that frivolous and light-minded Shakespeare, too. Now *I* think it's very neat;—and with you in the cast, nothing could be better. Did you say he had been with your family for two months? Laid up with a sprain, I believe. I shall be properly sympathetic."

The Reverend Ezra arrived, and Katherine received him at Norumbega. She regretted very much that various duties demanded her attention, and that she must turn him over to the care of her friend, Miss Weaver. She hoped to see him later at the reception.

Thus the Reverend Mr. Perkins found himself walking across the campus and up the hill to College Hall in the company of

a very vivacious and attractive young woman. He was a tall thin person with a rather sharp, seeking expression that comes of attending constantly to minute details. Small duties would never be neglected by the Reverend Ezra Perkins. But this was not all. When the strain of responsibility was removed—and it disappeared rapidly under the benign influence of Miss Weaver's conversation—a restful look succeeded the alertness that belonged to his working hours. Evidently the larger problems that haunt our leisure time were satisfactorily settled for this aged young minister.

Molly went straight to the chapel.

"This is our church," she said.

Her guest was properly impressed. He admired it duly, and asked interested questions about the ministers who preached to them.

"There is one little difficulty," announced Molly—"with the chapel accommodations, I mean. They are rather brief. When you have to sit so close

that the hair of the girl in front tickles your nose, and your own hair gets caught in the glasses of some one behind you; and when your arms are held in one position by the pressure on either side, it is rather disastrous to a properly devotional frame of mind. Do you suppose that the Foreign Mission Board could be induced to build a new chapel here at home, so that the heathen element among us might have a better chance.

The Reverend Ezra looked puzzled.

"Katherine, for instance, has degenerated since she came. We all do. I think the cause might be traced to the chapel misfit."

The young man studied the window and read the motto above it. Molly hastened to say:

"It means not to be ministered unto, but to be ministers' wives. That 's another thing. The Foreign Missions ought to build us a chapel out of pure gratitude. They used to say that the orthodox minister or missionary always looked to Wellesley for a wife.

"I think," said Ezra, "that a college course is not altogether necessary to the wife of a missionary. The young lady whom I consider most fitted for such a sphere is not a student at all."

Molly gasped inwardly, but preserved an outward composure.

"Suppose we look in at the library and then go over to the play," she said.

"The play?"

"Yes. It 's all right. Only a judicious selection from *Shakespeare*, done by the girls to make his genius more vivid and evident to the Freshmen and Sophs. You will like it."

"Ah, impromptu," he said. "It is approved, I suppose, by the authorities?"

"Oh yes," said Molly. "The authorities will be there."

At the play some time later Mr. Perkins seemed slightly uneasy. It was not an impromptu dialogue. There were gay embroidered costumes and other frivolous accessories. There was a great deal of live young laughter. There was even

dancing. Katherine herself was radiant. Her costume was becoming and she seemed to enjoy that light and graceful court banter which finds us still eager and unbored after three centuries. The Reverend Ezra could not approve all this, but for a moment he acknowledged its attractiveness to his own heart. He thought of himself in another sphere of life with Katherine Halliwell at his side. Then the vision fled, and again two wide, solemn eyes looked up at him with an absent, unquestioning, rather chilling calm.

He wondered whether Katherine were really the ideal wife that her father thought her. Perhaps this was simply an exuberance of youthful spirits which she would outgrow. Then Miss Weaver interrupted his meditation. She commented upon the play and told him how fond Katherine was of dramatics. She rapidly sketched a society meeting, where knights and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses sat about listening to nineteenth-century criticism of their loves and lives; and now

and then with true irony, interrupted the discussion by a scene from one of the plays, so mockingly fresh or so earnestly, passionately human that the criticism paled and was remembered no more. She said that Katherine had a great deal of talent in many directions and that she, Mary Weaver, hoped great things for her.

Afterward, in the evening, he saw Katherine in a very frivolous but becoming gown receiving her friends in Farnsworth Hall. There was much buzzing, vain compliment, and general enjoyment. For a few minutes he saw her alone. He was decidedly ill at ease. He delivered several messages from her family and said that he should be in Brookford for only a few weeks in September. He spoke of his recent visit and of Isabel.

"You are unlike your sister," he said at last. "She does n't care at all for this sort of thing." Then, helplessly and without any apparent provocation, "She is growing very practical and helpful. Her life has already begun to tell."

He looked vaguely around the room that was full of "this sort of thing."

"You are judging us hastily, Mr. Perkins," said Katherine, following his look. What *she* saw was the girls themselves behind the smiles and the pretty gowns. "We mean that our lives shall tell. In a few years we, too, shall be practical workers in the world. We have various views and various callings. Some of us will teach; some will write; some will be lawyers and architects and artists. There are others who will live quietly at home and some who will pay our common debt to "society." There are also a few who will do mission work in our large cities or abroad. I want you to meet one of these. She is a very good friend of mine. You will find her pleasant, intelligent, and very earnest."

So she took him to a friend whom the Reverend Ezra could appreciate and left them in serious conversation. Thus was the reputation of the College restored.

It is rather hard that people with spe-

cial views should judge us hastily after a superficial glance at the College. We are nearly a thousand in number and among us you may find many types and varieties, as you may anywhere in the world.

The next fall Katherine Halliwell brought back to her Alma Mater a very particular radiance.

On the first day of the term the Seniors filed into chapel arrayed in the new dignity of caps and gowns. The College with its usual single-mindedness rose promptly to do them honor. The moment was impressive and the new Seniors were somewhat pale. Perhaps this was the effect of deep emotion; perhaps it was merely contrast with the blackness of the gowns. A few faces were flushed with irrepressible roses. Katherine was particularly bright-eyed and red-cheeked and Miss Weaver was sympathetically cheerful. The echo of a conversation still rang in their ears.

Upstairs where, ever since breakfast, they had been adjusting their new attire,

discussing the fit, deciding how the tapes were tied and arranging the cap-tassel in the proper undergraduate direction, Katherine had said,—

"Molly, the Reverend Ezra Perkins has proposed."

"And you refused him? I knew you were n't quite a fool, Kath."

"He has proposed," continued Katherine,—"to Isabel."

"Oh!! So that was the young woman whom he mentioned in the chapel. How does she like it?"

"She is quite happy and has developed along a new line. She is no less dreamy and absorbed but she has added a capacity for specific details. It is just the thing for them both."

"And your father?"

"Was properly stunned. He has resigned himself to fate, however; and, Molly, I may—"

"Teach," said Molly with many demonstrations of joy. "Hurrah for our castle in Chesterfield."

In the spring the Reverend Ezra was called with unexpected promptness to a newly vacant post in India. The wedding was accordingly hastened and early in March Ezra Perkins, D.D., sat down to his wedding breakfast. This social function was nearly completed when a diversion occurred in the shape of a telegram. It was for Katherine, but the interest was general. A boy of sixteen who had been eyeing the last slice of a very popular cake seized his opportunity. Katherine opened the telegram with some wonder and read :

" Congratulate Ezra and the heathen. Their claim is cancelled.

" Mary Maurice Weaver."

A SENIOR SCHEDULE.

WE 're a-studying of Literature
As hard as e'er we can;
We dote on Revolutions
And the Brotherhood of Man.

We 're returning to the People,
With a truly Lyric Cry;
And for the Democratic Spirit
We 'd lay us down and die.

We 're a-reading of Philosophy
To find out why we be,
And a-learning that External Worlds
Lie wholly in the Me.

We don't believe in Matter,
And of Mind we 're not quite sure;
We 're inclined to think Uncertainties
Most likely to endure.

We 're a-studying Geology
Of Pre-historic Times,
Before the Tides of the Primal Sea
Got written into rhymes.

When the "old world spun forever"
And the poets never knew it,—
And all the Rocks and Stones and Things
Were nicely mixed up through it.

We 're a-looking at Fine Pictures
Made by People what are dead;
And we criticize Cathedrals
With a Ruskin at our head.

We 're a-growing awful learned—
There 's lots more of the kind—
But we do not mind confessing
That it 's all a Beastly Grind.

AN EXPERIMENT.

HARRIET MESSENGER explained herself from the first by the way she did things. Even in her freshman year she was able to slam the door of a full recitation room, when the lock would not otherwise catch, with entire deliberation. She did not fumble the knob, nor put a chair against it softly, nor get red and awkward, but simply gave it the efficient bang and sat down, knowing that it would stay shut. She had the same collected air when she went up the chapel aisle and took her seat with the freshman section upon the platform; so that she drew much more attention to herself than she knew or seemed, at first glance, to justify. People were always asking about her, and usually said that she reminded them of some story or pic-

ture which stuck in their minds. There was, too, an air of self-culture about her. She stood, in short, for ideas;—and not for other people's ideas.

Her class, from the time of their early class-meetings, felt sure that she would get either herself or them into trouble; and which it would be remained an open question until the middle of her junior year. Before that the class had carried several motions that seemed, even to themselves, slightly unconventional, and were pronounced by the other classes "queer"; but after the record she made on this thirteenth of February she was considered subdued and the class safe.

The reason for it all was strictly academic; *naturæ locæ causa.* There are several ways of taking your first course in Psychology in our College. You may take it because you must, since something of the sort is required for a degree. Then you will choose your best friend as permanent subject for your experiments and make the most of it. You may take it

metaphysically and go through on hot discussion from the color-theories to motives of moral conduct. You may take it as a materialist and repeat your physiological tests to any length; until you become a joy to the Department and a sorrow to the younger members of your family if they are within reach. You may combine some of these methods; but it is pretty certain that in these times you may not take it indifferently.

Harriet Messenger took it experimentally and seriously. It was only a certain mental bent, hardly a merit on her part, which kept her from boring even psychological friends. This was her preference for her own consciousness in all its manifestations, as compared with the less reliable notions she could get of other people's. She experimented mainly on herself.

Her division spent some time over the question of instinctive *versus* rational motives of action: *i. e.*, which on the whole were really the more useful guides to con-

duct. The instinct plea appealed strongly to Miss Messenger. She devoted herself (and the class) for fifteen minutes one day to bringing out just one of its strong points; and found herself still warm on the subject when the bell rang. She walked over to her room in Norumbega and considered the possible proofs she could secure before the next recitation. "The one real test," was the thought which dawned after a while, "would be to try it myself; to see what would come of following that 'untrustworthy first impulse.' It 's my opinion that if the instinct-theory were acted upon frankly, the issue would be as profitable, in the end, as our usual admixture of reason makes it." Her contempt was so strong at this point for that ungallant faculty, caution, that she believed she would try it for a week; but after some considerations, as yet admissible though inconsistent, she cut it down to a day. Another second thought, born unmistakably of experience, led her to refrain from telling her room-mate. A

forewarned room-mate could excite such a surprising set of impulses!

On the morning of the day set for the test, Harriet awoke with the impression that an important matter demanded her attention, then remembered that she had really to do only what she happened to think of. Immediately, however, a most noteworthy event showed her the possibilities of this apparently simple rule of conduct. The hour-bell rang; and before she thought of her watch the impulse to get up was full upon her. With a zeal, before which any but a scientist's or a saint's pales, she arose at once.

Her room-mate was immensely impressed by this,—"stunned," she said; and this would seem to be the case, for she became unconscious shortly after she found it out and remained so until after the breakfast-bell rang. She told the tale to the "Faust" class, as that small but rare company started for chapel. The "Faust" class lived, for the most part, at Norumbega; and they were going to chapel in a

body this Thursday morning because each member took care diligently that no other member should get *Hegel* from the Library before the first period began. Harriet, the only Junior taking the course, was having her first impulse explained to her.

"We 'd better let it pass this time," said the tall Senior whose mortar-board overtopped all the others in the group even when her cap was quite straight. "Her time is so broken up these days, she has to make it up somehow, and tries early rising as something original."

"It is n't loss of time that breaks her natural rest," said Marian Cotta pedantically. "It is the disturbance of that mental repose which is the condition of good work. These affairs of the feelings are ruinous to health." This was good; because there were those who said that Marian herself had been guilty of "crushes" of a very violent nature in her younger days.

"It 's a bad conscience," observed Marian's chum. "She knows the concert fund

or the missionary box is neglected when the flower man's account runs up as it has this last week. Still, Harriet, you might have worn a corn-flower or two to chapel just this morning." She spoke with recollections of a certain eager little Freshman trotting away from the flower-stand with a brave blue posy which afterwards appeared in Harriet's open lexicon on a retired table in the Library.

> "A field-flower close by her garden grew
> And saw the happy blossoms there—"

quoted Harriet's room-mate for Harriet's special benefit. "Have you read the Valentine in the last *Magazine*?" she asked aloud.

"Yes," answered Marian, "and I have been touched by the simplicity which keeps our small versifier from signing her production this time. The stupidity she credits Harriet with is only equalled by her own delicacy of——"

"I don't see anything very amusing in all this," interrupted Harriet, rather inopportunely.

"That 's a coincidence," suggested Marian, "I dare say the Freshman does n't either."

Harriet had registered another impulse and proceeded to carry it out. "Any girl who has been here a year or two knows that this sort of thing is likely to do no good ; but a Freshman does n't see that it is a down-right risk for her and a rather too delicate matter for the other girl."

"There should be a warning on each of those cards of advice the Freshmen receive,—along with the 'Health-hints,'" proposed Marian's chum.

"The organ is going," said the tall Senior, and they devoted themselves to getting to chapel.

As they slipped in at the last moment and glanced hastily over the rows of students to find their appointed places, Harriet fell back. The junior seats where she was naturally expected were conveniently near the door; but she wondered irresponsibly whether she should go there or whether she would be led to sit with

the Seniors. She did neither. A Sophomore smiled upon her and she sat down in that row at once. The girl who kept the chapel record for her own row beckoned to her to sit in her proper place; but Harriet smiled back at her calmly, feeling no impulse to leave her present situation.

It happened that the Dean did not conduct the service that morning. A stray minister was at the desk, but he was not used to it and read badly.

"He makes me nervous," whispered the enticing Sophomore. "I always want to go and take the book away when a person intones like that."

Straightway Harriet felt within her a like wish form itself. She looked at the Sophomore reproachfully, arose slowly, and left her; and this became a delicate matter with that Sophomore which could not be explained for many a day. Harriet walked toward the rear of the chapel. The reader's desk was on the side of the platform farthest from the sophomore

seats, and she purposed crossing over at the rear of the room. As she came to the door at the middle she stopped; and then, a little doubtfully, walked out. She explained afterwards that the impulse she had begun to obey had been merely a transference of thought and therefore not valid; while the impelling power at the rear of the room permitted no questioning.

She made up her mind (though this was hardly admissible) to find the most exciting work in the library and keep herself absorbed with it until her first recitation came; but she was saved from complicating her experiment thus by Miss Martin, '97, who met her at the library door.

"Ah, you 'll do," she said, as if several others had been found impossible; 'I *must* get two notes in before the resident mail is distributed. Now, won't you do this old newspaper job for me? There 's a dear. I 'll do your domestic work over Sunday." And Miss Martin, thrusting a

paper into Harriet's hand, speeded in nervous haste down the corridor.

Harriet chose the news items and wrote them on the board, as was expected of her. On the fourth page she saw a long editorial about the Cuban rebellion.

"Nobody reads the Cuban news now," she considered, "it 's all so much alike. The interest of the populace needs to be roused. I think I 'll make a change in the situation there." She wrote:

"Cuba and all on board disappeared in the hurricane of Feb. 10th. The Kaiser and the Sultan send congratulations to Spain."

Her next impulse was to get away.

As she passed upstairs to her literature class at the end of the first period she saw Miss Cheney of the mathematics department standing outside one of the recitation rooms and bowed to her. Her manner was not the less dignified because a Freshman also stood there speaking with Miss Cheney, but looking with more attention at Miss Messenger.

"Harriet Messenger is an interesting girl," said Miss Cheney, a little absently.

"Is n't she beautiful!" responded the Freshman in a tone that brought back Miss Cheney's attention once more.

"She is attractive in such an unusual way, I mean," added the Freshman to cover her first enthusiasm. "I should like to know her," she added.

A Sophomore who was repeating her freshman mathematics under Miss Cheney's care came up, and the Freshman appealed to her. It was the same Sophomore who had sat next to Miss Messenger in chapel that morning.

"I don't know," she said with nicety in answer to the appeal. "I think her rather unaccountable at times. I should not expect her to make a strikingly good impression in any other place than this,— at least not a first impression."

The Freshman looked grieved, but also plainly surprised. She had felt sure of support in asking the Sophomore's opinion.

Miss Cheney suggested, "A Sophomore is very discriminating, Miss Walker, in matters of the social graces, you know. You mean," to the Sophomore, "merely some little oddity of manner? I think she would outgrow a thing of that kind."

The Freshman was becoming warm. She thought this criticism petty and grossly inappreciative. The second bell rang before she could make any defence, and she went in to fume through a period, and to wonder why the Sophomore who had met her knew really less about Miss Messenger than she herself who had not met her, and might not for months.

As Harriet reached the fourth floor she saw the literature class with which she was supposed to recite that period standing about with jacket and cape collars up, anticipating the usual February temperature of the ventilated lecture room. The prospect did not please her. At the same time she saw Miss French of the history department half way down the corridor. She knew Miss French better than any

other member of the Faculty, and she considered that a conversation with her was likely to be more gratifying than the literature quiz. Her impulse directed her clearly. She went with Miss French to the History Office and announced that she was in need of occupation and would be found especially useful in making out the record-cards of her friends.

Now since records at Wellesley are kept quite beyond the ken of students (except in one unpleasant set of circumstances) and are surrounded with a kind of sacred mystery because of this, a suggestion of the sort would be regarded as merely playful. Miss French compromised by asking information about the work of certain girls in extra-academic lines. She read the names of several whom Harriet did not know. Then she paused at the name of the Freshman whom she knew most about.

"Elizabeth Walker. I have looked up her schedule, but can you tell me whether she has outside work. Does she do committee work in her class?"

"I think not," said Harriet. She discovered an impulse within her which made her gasp. Then she considered with fairness of mind that her reputation with Miss French was something to keep if possible. "But there 's no backing down now, when the day is not half gone," she said to herself. "A test is no good if it is not as thorough as you can make it."

"Miss French, is Miss Walker doing poor work?" she asked, strongly impressed with the fact that records are inviolable.

Miss French did seem surprised at this breach in good manners. Harriet proceeded to carry out the impulse.

"She has n't any committee work. She is bright enough, too, to carry her schedule with no trouble at all,—if she works. She does n't work," Harriet went on, as if she were learning the words, with difficulty, by rote, "because she thinks she is very fond of me; and she spends her time in carrying out that idea."

Miss French turned the leaves of the

class-book slowly toward the front and toward the back alternately. Harriet went on.

"Of course I am not supposed to know anything of this. We have never met, you see. I am supposed to be as blind as Sanskrit to whatever occurs. But I did not know that her record was showing all this badly. I could meet her, you know, and without telling her anything about the record—"

At this point Miss French said rather incautiously but firmly, "I believe I would better close my list, Miss Messenger. Thank you. I really forgot your ability to put two and two together. We 'd better leave the records, and you will kindly weaken your memory when and where it may be necessary."

Harriet went to the Reading Room. Her impulse now was to say nothing and be thankful. Still, she decided after a while that it was not scientific to dodge opportunities for experiment. She went slowly down the corridor to the Centre,—

as every one does in College Hall when she moves with no particular object in view. She felt as if the curtain had been pulled for the next act.

She stood by the door critically watching the barge-load of passengers get out uncomfortably into the melting snow. It was bad even under the porte-cochère. One of the passengers took this with an especially ill grace and came through the swinging storm-doors in a hurry. He wore a business suit which suggested long hours and a down-town office. She supposed that the card he was getting out would be one of those not engraved in script, but printed in large useful letters. Harriet passed by another door of the reception room and saw the office girl, with a card in her hand, pausing to ask where it was to go. The answer came from a retired corner of the room, "The President of the College, please."

There was a very dubious expression on the face of the office girl. She looked at the card and the office clock, and then at

the telephone, which was calling her up and had been for two minutes. Harriet came up to her. She had nothing to do at the moment, she explained, and would take the card to the President. The girl with the card looked relieved, then speculative.

"I wonder what comment you might add to the name," she said. She was thinking of the Cuban disaster.

"I don't repeat myself," answered Harriet. "I won't spoil his chances."

She wondered where she had seen the name before and was more than usually irritated that she could not remember its connection. She decided that it might be on some Board given in official college lists; not at all the style of name she expected to attach to the business man. She found, in the ante-room of the President's office, half-a-dozen girls awaiting their turns. She calculated as she, too, waited for the door to open, how many girls needed to see the President more than did the owner of the card she held. As

she dwelt upon this thought her practical and altruistic instincts rose strong within her.

"I 'll see the young man myself," she said generously, and abruptly left the anteroom. The six girls brightened because their number was decreased by one.

When she entered the reception room she found, besides the man of business, a gray-haired gentleman of consequential bearing who so plainly expected his wishes to receive attention that the younger man stepped back and Harriet involuntarily paused.

"Is the President disengaged? You took my card to her, I think the office girl said." The man of business was still holding his. Harriet readjusted her ideas, tried again to remember definitely what the name stood for, and followed her next impulse calmly.

"The President is holding office hours for the students now," she explained, "You can see that she would like to be excused."

The old gentleman looked surprised, then very dignified; altogether much put out.

"Well!" he said. "Well!" and yet again, inappropriately, "Well!" Then he went on irascibly, "Confound it! Is her time to be taken up this way for the rest of the week? When shall I see her?"

Harriet was noting in her mind the peculiarities of the issue of the impulse, and also recalling the proper method of treating such a visitor according to office rules.

"Should you like to leave a note? she suggested soothingly, wondering when it would be delivered and through whom.

The old gentleman looked for a moment at this young woman who seemed quite unexcited in spite of the perceptible color in her face. "Yes," he answered shortly, "I 'll write a note if you please."

The man in the business suit came forward as he was doing it. He had the manner, if it is a manner, of the people you meet and do not notice; who are not self-

conscious because others have not been, for the most part, conscious of them,—at least as personalities. The peculiarity of this in a man who was not of middle age was vaguely in Harriet's mind as she listened to his question. With this, as the momentary amusement went out of his face, was her first impression that he had probably never had time for anything but business, and not nearly time enough for that.

"Is there any way of seeing the President before noon to-day?" he asked.

"Another one! What next?" murmured Harriet inwardly and tried to determine whether this was a consequence of the last impulse or should be an occasion for a new one. A new one came as she heard the next words and saw the card—with printed letters.

"It is important that *The Star* should have an official account of recent changes in the policy of the College. I think the President herself prefers that reports of the kind should be first hand."

The impulse was "No favors"; and the old gentleman felt a trifle better when he heard her say, "The President holds office hours up to luncheon-time to-day. I think it will be impossible for you to secure an interview this morning."

Harriet paused to dispose of the old gentleman's note and saw him get into the coach. At the same moment the name fixed itself. "He's one of the scholarship patrons!" she said aloud to the edification of several by-standers. As she came back the bell rang for the end of the period and the girls appeared in the corridor in force. The reporter stepped back all at once so that he could not easily be seen through any of the three doors of the reception room. The bashfulness was unexpected to Harriet.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "I rather like impulses," she was thinking. She glanced into the corridor just in time to see Elizabeth Walker unconsciously beaming upon her as she went down the corridor to dispose of a bunch of heliotrope.

The lapse from dignity befitting the President's private secretary was unexpected to the reporter. He reddened quickly as he murmured some vain remark about draughts and she thought, as she turned away from the corridor, that there was a likeness between him and the Freshman when *she* was confused. She glanced involuntarily at the card in her hand, which read "Mr. Frederick Walker." A gloomy suspicion was confirmed. "If the habit of scribbling runs in the family," she thought as she looked at him carefully, "he, at least, has not taken it out in writing verses. He deserves so much credit." She need not have been so sure of that, but it had its effect in her summary of him. "Why does n't he call for her?" she wondered. "Have you been out here before to write up the College?" she proceeded.

The amusement reappeared in the reporter's face, "I have n't been *here* to do it," he confessed; and then tried to redeem himself, as he observed the severity

of her expression, by protesting that he had not worked up the worst of the recent articles about Wellesley and that he had always acquired a few facts as a basis for those he had written.

Harriet had a premonition that her next break would be a bad one.

"Is it your sister or your cousin who writes for our *Magazine* sometimes?" she asked, indicating his card. Her tone would have suggested that they had been speaking of the Freshman's verses for fifteen minutes. The reporter looked at Miss Messenger with surprise and something more unpleasant than that in his face. She seemed interested, mostly. The reporter said simply: "The verses are my sister's. Are they thought good or bad here?"

"I don't know," answered Harriet, not quite distinctly, wondering why some impulses were so much more delightful than others. "I know her, you see, rather well.—I mean, I have known a good deal about her. I have n't asked about them. Some of them I liked."

There were some *Magazines* on the table and she chose one of the current month. She took it back to the corner where the reporter still kept himself. She wanted him to talk so that he would explain himself and perhaps that intense, bright little sister. It was a simple matter to bring this about. He talked about Elizabeth gladly and what he believed she could do. He was sorry she was writing those verses which the *Magazine* held. It was not worth while for her. He was glad that she was taking history, and he was sure that she was doing well there. It was "in her line."

Tom shouted the first "All aboard!" for the 12.18 train, but Harriet found another impulse to be attended to.

"I should like to call your sister," she remarked carelessly, though her color rose in spite of herself.

"No, not this time," said Mr. Walker, once more puzzled by the extraordinary tactlessness of this young woman. Then, since something more was quite necessary,

"You see, you are not very fond of reporters out here, and I expected to have some pretty unpleasant times before I got what I wanted, and probably be fired at one stage or another."

"And you have n't had the interview after all," said Harriet. "How would a 'semi-official' do for this time? I could tell you something of giving up domestic work, you know."

The reporter thought this a notably bright idea, but suggested that he must get the noon train.

Miss Messenger was next seen riding on the outside seat of the coach along with the driver and an old-looking youth with whom she talked thriftily from campus to station.

She meditated on the young man as she ate her luncheon at the restaurant in the village. She wished she knew that the Freshman's next history paper would be acceptable. Then the lines of one of the Freshman's verses occurred to her:

"I met my lady on the stair :
And, with her grace, the lighted space,
All dull before, was fair."

On her way back to the college she met Elizabeth Walker. It was in the wood behind Simpson and there was no one else to be seen on the narrow board walk. Elizabeth was blessing the girl who had told her she had seen Miss Messenger in the village and the chance that led her by way of the wood instead of by the street or the meadow. She was smiling shyly, not bowing of course because she had not met her, and was consciously enjoying the color of the Junior's long ulster among the wintry trees. The Junior stopped her abruptly.

"It is Elizabeth Walker, is it not? May I go back this way with you?"

The Freshman blushed in a quick, happy fashion and murmured something which was quite indistinct,—but it did not seem to be an objection. It might not have made any difference if it had been one, for Miss Messenger's last impulse had

been to have straightway a few words with this likable little Freshman. "It 's well my impulses are frequent to-day," she thought to herself approvingly; "I am likely to be packing my trunk about this time to-morrow."

The Freshman discovered that it was difficult to keep long ulsters out of the snow and so she carried Miss Messenger's note-book for her. Her Psychology note-book was naturally Miss Messenger's inseparable companion-piece that day. Then there was a pause; because the Junior was waiting for an impulse and the Freshman for an opening remark sufficiently bright for this occasion. The impulse was naturally the first to arrive.

"Miss Walker, I met your brother not long ago. I have been wanting ever since to meet his sister."

Elizabeth was somewhat at loss. She had known a good many people to take pains to make her brother's acquaintance after they knew her. That seemed a natural course. She had never heard a

like reason given for meeting her. Besides, she had an idea that they had talked about her. Fred usually did. All this together, perhaps, would account for her awkward little speech.

"I hope Fred conducted himself so as to win your approval."

"We had—an unusually pleasant time. I thought he was very appreciative of the work we do here."

"Yes," said the Freshman as if this were to be expected, and hardly need be remarked upon. She wished she knew what Fred had said about her work. She did not ask about that, however, but said:

"I should like to tell my brother to learn from you how to write up his items, Miss Messenger. I like your way very much better than his."

"Now that 's nice of you," answered the Junior, but she changed the subject. "Ah! there is the Fiske now. This walk is always shorter than I expect it to be. Did you say you were to see some one there?"

The Freshman assented, wishing it were possible to go slower than they were going then.

"I am glad I met you, Miss Walker, and that the walk was so long as this at least," said the Junior politely, preparing to turn back. Then she remembered that she had not carried out her impulse.

"I am glad I met you," she slowly repeated, "because I 've had a sneaking liking for you for some time."

She said it with a little smile, but she was not at all cynical about it. The Freshman looked up quickly with her eyes shining in a soft sort of way that made her very attractive. The Junior studied the next electric-light pole and went on.

"Not that I should n't like you ever so much better, you know, if you would leave off writing verses that are n't good and sending flowers and bonbons around inconveniently."

The Junior heard the Freshman catch her breath, she thought; but she went on,

keeping the pole steadily in view. Perhaps it was only that the leaves were slipping out of the Junior's note-book, which made the sound.

"Can't you see what you are making of yourself? Inside three months you 'll not be very fond of me, nor yourself either, if you keep this up. Besides, you 've got too much brains to waste your time in this way. You can do something better, in my opinion,—and—your brother thinks so, too."

Then she stopped and said in a very different tone.

"There! I hope you will find your friend at home, Miss Walker. I take the path to the left. Good afternoon!"

When Harriet returned to her room she was not greatly surprised to find an immediate summons from the President of the College. "'The curse has come upon me,'" she murmured as she prepared to go down. She was told that the President was still in the house and she went to her

sitting-room at once. The interview was lengthy and it ended just where it had begun. The President really wanted to know only about the elderly friend of the College who had indicated in his note that he considered himself outrageously treated. She supposed that certain suspicions concerning the summary dismissal of a second visitor would disappear of themselves during the interview. In the end as in the beginning the President entertained the idea that Miss Messenger was quite straightforward and, on most topics, clear-headed; but that an intelligent account of her behavior that morning was impossible. She was not sure whether this was because Miss Messenger considered her incapable of grasping the situation or because Miss Messenger considered herself incapable of explaining it. At the end as at the beginning Harriet found that her explanation was too simple and too much of the same thing. It was really of no use to repeat that she

had made up her mind to do as she wanted and had done it. It began to look rather serious. The President suggested that she might write a clearer account of it than she had given then. The President knew her rather well and liked her; but she looked grave and possibly a little hurt in a personal way as Harriet went away.

Her room-mate came up just before dinner, and found her passing a feather-brush over the tops of her books with flippant nicety. She had expected to find Harriet in need of consolation or, at least, subdued. She sat down in the nearest rocker and watched her with interest as she dusted.

"I 've just heard that the President has returned to a belief in total depravity, and that the Council will probably send you off for a vacation by order of their next meeting," she announced.

"That 'll be nice," responded the scientific zealot easily. "They are really tak-

ing a great deal of trouble about me," she added with some complacency.

Her room-mate began to look rather worried.

"Really, Harriet," she protested, "I wish you would take the trouble to straighten it out. Every one does n't know what a simple-minded villain you are."

Harriet explained that she was not avoiding opportunities to straighten it out. She had spent an hour and a half that day trying to throw some light on the President's mind. Her chum was by no means satisfied.

"I must say, Harriet, that even I can't understand all of it," she said somewhat plaintively, "though I know your idea was quite right, dear. It does n't disturb me that you called Miss Cheney 'Sister Anne' in the excitement of a demonstration; and I can appreciate your news-item. But why you should send back home a nice old friend of the College when he was only intending to encourage

our finances, and why you should take strange young men under your especial protection, I don't see."

The worst of it was the rest of the College did not see either, and this negative state of mind was, in the authorities, effective. Her friends did their best for her, but they did not seem to have reason on their side. A certain small Freshman, showed the stuff she was made of by attempting, in spite of certain ideas of her own on the subject, to keep rumors as near to facts as possible whenever occasion offered. Indeed, she was late for domestic work in the Psychology Office next morning owing to a special effort of this kind. She took some papyrograph papers out of her note-book to show them to the professor who was waiting for her there. With them she found a sheet on which a report of a psychological experiment was evidently begun and she handed this over with the others. This paper began:

ON IMPULSE.

No.	*Kind.*	*Purpose.*	*Result.*
1.	Altruistic.	To conserve the mental energy of the President. (Visitors.)	Immediate : Visitors disposed of. Ultimate :——
2.	Altruistic + Egoistic.	Arouse interest in current events by original methods.	Immediate : Interest roused—News item. Ultimate :——

Just why she included this report with the other papers Elizabeth did not know. She had found it among the slip-sheets of her note-book the night before, and she was not lacking in ability to attach a proper significance to it. She pondered it involuntarily as she gazed at her *Anschauung* lesson. It would not be banished even while she debated "*Wollen wir in die Oper oder ins Theatre gehen?*" She considered it as she brushed her hair at bed-time. She

put it back with the other papers still thoughtful.

On her way to the Psychology Office next morning she met a girl who gave an elaborate and picturesque account of Miss Messenger's interview with her brother. That decided the fate of the paper. It dawned upon her for the first time that the "peculiar" reporter of *The Star* and her brother were one. Then there was a quick, generous understanding of Fred's reason for not wanting to see her and swift indignation in his defence. She had no liking for the comments she heard accounting for his method of obtaining "semi-official" information. She would throw as much light on these several points as that paper could give.

The fact that she was incidentally explaining an unaccountable Junior was not absent from her mind. She said to herself that it was immaterial to her whether Miss Messenger left College or stayed; though possibly it would be slightly better if she went. Yet after she

had set the paper to doing its work Elizabeth walked away so happily that one might have thought that the world was being managed quite after her taste.

After Elizabeth was gone, the Professor pondered the paper long and deeply. At nearly the end of the first period that satisfied expression of a solved mystery with which the readers of *Sherlock Holmes* are familiar came over her face. The result was a most eloquent plea for a certain psychological enthusiast before the powers that be. The plea was sufficient in the end, but the kinds of experiments which students make, and the methods of performing them are now explicitly stated.

"FORMERLY OF '96."

WHEN Hildegarde came back to College at the beginning of her junior year, she found that her application for a room in a cottage was practically wasted breath; and she saw she must put up with me for a room-mate or go to the village. The June before we had arranged to try it together in College Hall in case her drawing for a room should be unfortunate; but I understood that Hildegarde would leave me as soon as there was a place for her on the "Hill." I had said to myself pessimistically, remembering my former luckless attempts to know her, that this would probably be before September was over. Nevertheless, after taking into consideration the possibilities of that one month, I had decided to run the risk of enduring a fresh-

man room-mate for the other nine with precious little hesitation. So I came to know—what few of the class ever did know—why she left college and is now indefinitely classed as "formerly of '96."

I thought, when we came back that year, that Hildegarde was older for the summer vacation. She did not seem to fit into her place at College because of the change. She said something at first about a more serious view of her college course owing to some losses her father had met with; but the gravity of this did not particularly appeal to me. I had heard a good many other girls say something like that after the hard times of the first and second years of our course, and had found them as able as ever—and Hildegarde was not—to be irresponsibly jolly. Fortunately, the idea that this was not the whole of the matter saved me from making myself disagreeable. I think Hildegarde rather liked that. At any rate we became very much better friends than I had ever thought we should be. I began to think

that she was a permanent and uncommonly satisfactory room-mate. In spite of all this it was not through her, but through a common friend of ours that I learned what I wanted to know. All that summer Hildegarde had had nearly the sole care of an invalid brother much younger than herself. The child had been unusually unwell in spite of her care, and Hildegarde had found this last going from home a hard thing on Arthur's account. It was easy to see that the anxiety was not the less wearing now that Hildegarde was at College and the distance between them, even by mail, was long. I did not know how to tell her that I knew what the trouble was. I could only defend her from class factotums and society committees as well as might be, and take to studying in the library when I knew she wanted the room to herself. The girls insisted that I was getting all three of my forensics done before Christmas, because I had to take so many notes when I tried to study in a racket there.

They might have known me better; but whatever my work was, it seemed to me rather tame compared with the remarkable things my room-mate was doing about this time. She wrote a translation of a scene from the *Electra* which Professor Pease had liked well enough to ask to have it for her own use. Her last literature paper, a criticism, had been taken with a seriousness that made the favorable comments doubly pleasant. Her first forensic had been returned with remarks along the margin which were highly satisfactory as far as we could make them out. I hope they were; for she was especially pleased with this work. She even told me that she would send it home to Arthur, "since father and I are agreed that he has the legal mind of the family." It occurred to me just then that Arthur would never be able to go to college. Perhaps Hildegarde was thinking of the same thing.

It was about this time that we were both working in our study over some

lengthy literature papers due before the holidays. The pens were scratching away encouragingly to the drippy accompaniment of a cold rain when Polly Penny knocked. We were glad it was Polly for she is considerate. She left the mail,—society notices, and a home letter for Hildegarde; took in the unsocial aspect of the tables as she did so; remarked upon the lateness of rain and want of skating at this date in November; and thoughtfully took herself off. Hildegarde smiled as she began to read her letter and took the big rocker as if she intended to enjoy life for some time to come. I began scratching away once more; but Hildegarde's letter interrupted my paper as well as hers. It was long afterwards and I was in Hilda's home when I read that letter, but it belongs here.

There was motherly talk in the first part (so odd, it seemed to me, that anyone should write to Hildegarde as if she were a child) written in the night when her mother was watching Arthur. Then

an odd sheet evidently slipped in the next day. This began :

" We called in Dr. March this morning, —Arthur seemed to get no better,—and he has with little hesitation pronounced the sickness (as I myself had begun to fear) scarlet fever. We hope that it will not prove very severe," etc. I remembered, even when I read it so long afterwards, how Hilda's face looked when she stopped reading it to lock the door that afternoon.

" Arthur, of all of us," I heard her say, and I thought of the hard year the little invalid had passed. Her face was flushed with fright as it might have been if she had caught herself in the instant of falling. Looking at her, I thought of such impossible, such dreadful things for a minute. Hildegarde, when she saw that I, too, was frightened, told me before she had finished reading the letter what really had happened.

" I have such an unreasonable dread of that," she said, speaking almost quietly

again to reassure us both; "but I shall not feel it when I am at home helping them." But she stood and looked out of the rain-blurred window with her face so full of womanly anxiety and of an old, old care, with her eyes so pained and dim with great, slow tears that I hated to see her and went into the other room. She read the rest of the letter before I came out again. I remember that her mother said that they were fortunate in having Dr. March and also a certain trained nurse, Miss Ewing. Then the letter said, "And so, my dear, brave daughter, though I am sure that you would be glad to come to me, in spite of the possible danger to yourself,—I must not think how much I long to have you,—yet it is not at all necessary that you should do this, and the brave and wise thing for us all is that you should stay."

I supposed it was this last proposition that Hildegarde was disputing when I came out. I saw her staring gravely and steadily across the room as she sat with

her chin in her palms, her fingers doubled up tight so that the knuckles pressed against her cheeks ;—and I found her so when the wretched afternoon was over and the bell rang for dinner. During the evening she wrote a letter. After it was sealed she turned to me and said: "I 'm not going home, Marjorie. It 's a 'contagious disease,' you know," with a miserable sort of a smile at the repeated words of warning from the Board of Health. Then she began to read *Hume*. When the ten o'clock bell rang she had not, to my knowledge, turned the page. I woke once in the night and heard two o'clock from the South Natick town-bell sound heavily and slowly across the rainy lake. It made me restless and I got up finally to go softly into the study. Outlined dimly against the window there, I saw Hildegarde with her face turned away still staring out into the rain.

This was only two weeks before the holidays. My work all at once assumed an entirely incidental character. It be-

came a sort of necessary accident in the day,—like luncheon. I used to spend my days (and more or less of my nights) in devising what Polly Penny called a "whirl of wild dissipation," and nearly induced nervous prostration as a consequence; for I know no more of chafing-dish cookery than a cat does and the girls who watched me try it were mostly connoisseurs. Hilda helped me though, and that was what I wanted. She did more work too, than I had supposed it was possible for any girl to do. When she went out, she went with girls who did not know her intimately. They reported to me that they thought her bright and liked her. She entertained her table incessantly. Yet it seemed to me that she was wearing out as visibly as a fiddle bow which is drawn up too tight. How I did wish those fourteen days were over! Of course I thought she would go home with me, and wrote as much in making my arrangements. I might have known better. She had never been at our house, you see, and there were to be

a number of Christmas guests. She could rest and write letters at College, she thought. She had found some tutoring or something to keep her busy. I tried in vain to make my vacation at the College, too. There were people at home whom I must see, and I went when I could no longer find an excuse to stay. Fortunately I lived at no great distance from the College.

After all, it would have been of no use if I had stayed. I could not have made her rest; and the suspense was all over, finally and sadly enough, before the first week was up. Arthur died while we were going back to College after our first sleigh-ride together. When the news reached her I had gone home again and left Hildegarde alone.

I drove up the next day but reached there only when the coach was already waiting for her at the door. I ran up to our room—(so strangely in order and so bare now)—and found her waiting for me. She said something about our rooming to-

gether, about my part of it; then that it was a pity that I should probably have an unknown room-mate for the rest of the year.

"But, Hildegarde, next year, — next year we can try it together again," I burst out, determined to know.

The futility of it all was strong upon her; for Hilda was very desolate.

"I can't come back, Marjorie. There 's no use now," as wearily as if she were as old as the winter itself. "It was for Arthur, you know."

So she went away before the girls came back.

Well, that year was queer enough, for me. My room was pretty bad for one thing. I wanted a single room and the only one to be had was a "left-over" down by the elevator. She heard about it after a while, I suppose, and probably a good deal more with it; for she wrote in the summer that she "must get back to work again this fall." It is decided now that we shall clear out together in '97. I have

a few electives ahead, to be sure; but I have been in no particular hurry to get through my course. The College classes me, too, as "formerly of '96."

SUNSET.

THE golden glory quivers on the lake,
A robin's vesper note sounds clear and true,
Beyond the far hill-line one long pale cloud
Lies, like a thought of God, across the blue.

Stories of College Life

THE UNIVERSITY SERIES

I. Harvard Stories.—Sketches of the Undergraduate. By W. K. POST. Fourth edition. 12mo, paper, 50 cts.; cloth $1.00

"Mr. Post's manner of telling these tales is in its way inimitable. The atmosphere of the book in its relation to the localities where the scenes are laid is well-nigh perfect. The different types of undergraduates are clearly drawn, and there is a dramatic element in most of the stories that is very welcome. It goes without saying that Harvard men will find keen pleasure in this volume, while for those who desire a faithful picture of certain phases of American student life it offers a noteworthy fund of instruction and entertainment."—*Literary News.*

"Not since the days of *Hammersmith* have we had such a vivid picture of college life as Mr. W. K. Post has given us in this book. Unpretentious in their style, the stories are mere sketches, yet withal the tone is so genuine, the local color so truly 'crimson,' as to make the book one of unfailing interest."—*Literary World.*

II. Yale Yarns.—By J. S. WOOD. Illustrated. 12° $1.00

"This delightful little book will be read with intense interest by all Yale men."—*New Haven Eve. Leader.*

"The Yale atmosphere is wonderfully reproduced in some of the sketches, and very realistic pictures are drawn, particularly of the old 'fence' and the 'old brick row.'"—*Boston Times.*

"College days are regarded by most educated men as the cream of their lives, sweet with excellent flavor. They are not dull and tame even, to the most devoted student, and this is a volume filled with the pure cream of such existence, and many 'a college joke to cure the dumps' is given. It is a bright, realistic picture of college life, told in an easy conversational, or descriptive style, and cannot fail to genuinely interest the reader who has the slightest appreciation of humor. The volume is illustrated and is just the book for an idle or a lonely hour."—*Los Angeles Times.*

The Babe, B.A. The Uneventful History of a Young Gentleman in Cambridge University. By EDWARD F. BENSON, author of "Dodo," etc., etc. *(In Press.)*

IN PREPARATION.

The Princetonian. BY JAMES BARNES.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
27 and 29 West 23d Street

LONDON
24 Bedford Street, Strand